1607/1636.

THE VISION OF Purgatory,

ANNO 1680.

IN WHICH
The ERRORS and PRACTICES of the
Church and *Court* of *ROME* are Diſcover'd:
WITH THE
Influences they have upon THIS and Other NATIONS.

Written by Heraclito Democritus.

Quicquid agunt Homines, Votum, Timor, Ira, Voluptas,
Gaudia, Diſcurſus, noſtri eſt Farrago Libelli.

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a. C.

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To The READER.

TIS generally very long, good Reader, before the Author to you can hit upon the first Sentence, and the Reason is because he hath so much to say for himself, that he doth not know where to begin or make an end. For my Part, I shall only say what I think others will say of me: Pray then make Room, for here comes a Huge Lusty Fellow, *who seems to be the great-Grandchild of the* Colossus *at* Rhodes, *who hath his Brains by Inheritance, and his Brazen-Face* ex Traduce; *and he will say that I stole* Poor-Robin's Jests *out of* Poor-Robin's Intelli-

gence, *and put them into* Poor-Robin's Dream; *But I will deny his* Major Robin, *his* Minor Robin, *and his* Robert *by Conſequence; and when I have done, I will Kick, Cuff, or Cap Verſes with him for his Ears, if he have any. He will no ſooner be diſpatcht, and carryed off with* 600 *Camels and* 40 *Dromedaries, but I foreſee an Enemy altogether as formidable, tho but a little Man; for he comes frowning, and will tell me very ſeriouſly that this way of Writing is Scurrilous, and Baſe, That 'tis with a Spirit of Sycophancy, or Hereſie, for that I ſcoff at Sacred things, That I am Guilty of Detraction, That 'tis a Libel. Good Reader, ſhew me but how to make a Leg, and then I will do well enough with him: I will tell him that I ſcoff at nothing Sacred, as*

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Michol *did* David's *Dancing in the Linnen Ephod, or as the Fanaticks do the Surplice and other decent Ceremonies of the Church; for tho' the Surplice has no inherent Holineſs in it, yet to abuſe it is Impiety, as to ſteal it is Sacriledge: But when Burying in Flannel muſt be Antiſcripturian, and in a Monks* Hood *Meritorious, I think either of theſe Opinions as contemptible as 'twould be ridiculous to go a Suter in a Rug. I rather Pity and Deplore the Miſtakes of the Church of* Rome *in things neceſſary to Salvation then deride the Abſurdities of them, ſince I know that this way of Raillery, and in things of that nature, leſſens the Veneration due to the Truth of them, and is one great occaſion of Scepticiſm and Atheiſm, too general in the Chriſtian*

ſtian World: I will tell him that I am not Guilty of Detraction, which as their Aquinas *ſaith, is* Denigratio Famæ Alienæ per Verba occulta. *I Inſtance in nothing but what I have from their own Authors, from our own Experience, or from thoſe Writers whom I thought unprejudiced, I do not quote them, becauſe it is unneedful, and the* Index Expurgatorius *will have them. I will tell him, That after all, the Vices of any particular Perſons do not occaſion me to ſeparate from this or that Church, but the falſe Opinions and wicked Practices which this or that Church publickly Authoriſes, and is the viſible occaſion of ſuch Practices. I will tell him that I am not guilty of Libelling as when* Sanballat *ſent an open Letter to* Nehemiah, *Taxing him with an Intent*

to

to be King, or as the Malecontents of England *tax this King with an Intent of being an Arbitrary Monarch, as the late Rebels Libel'd his Father, as their ſeditious Preachers Libell'd the Loyal Clergy, after the Example of their Brother* Campian *the Jeſuit, who does it with one unmannerly* Noun Adjective, *but without either Senſe or Reaſon, and in the height of Popery cries out* Quid Clero Anglicano putidius? *But I muſt tell Father* Campian's *Executors and Adminiſtrators, that tho the Catalogue of their Authors be as long as of their Petitioners, yet they want ſome few things called Honeſty and Piety, ſome of them want Learning, and all of them Loyalty. I need not tell you what the Men of the Church of* England *have Written,*

I can tell you what every true Father and Son of it will do, they will to the last Man oppose the Jesuits and all Romish Errors and Practices as resolutely as Father Campian *threatens that they shall offend us, or Convert us after their way; for which, were there no other cause, we are justly Irreconcilable to the Church of* Rome, *both as Men and Christians.*

I had thought at one time to have thrown these Papers into the Fire, and to have taken Metrocles *his Advice, and with him have said* Τὰ δὲ ἐς ὀνείρων νερτέρων φαντάσμα ἀς *But since I have preserved them to shew, that (although they have debauched our young Gentlemen by this way of Writing) nothing is so subject to be exposed as a Fool, a Knave, a Jesuit, and an Athiest.*

If

To the Reader.

If you and I, good Reader, ſhould diſagree, we will be Judged by the Standers by, and ſince we reſolve to be ſometimes Serious, ſometimes Merry, let us now begin, and do you either—— and I will tell you a Story.

THE

ERRATA.

PAge 1. Line 2. for 1679, read 1680. P. 3. l. 12. for Ample Theatre r. Amphitheatre. P. 5. l. 15. for Purgitoria r. Purgatorio. P. 7. l. 14. for take r. took. P. 22. l. 2. for to r. may. P. 28. l. 9. for here r. hear. P. 32. l. 15. for Council r. Councils. P. 33. l. 28. for mast r. most. P. 37. l. 7. for there r. their. P. 42. l. 21. for Sculls r. Souls. P. 47. l. 4. leave out like. P. 56. l. 26. for Captain r. *Capuchin*. Pag. 59. l. 15. for *Duodecaldrum* r. *Dnodecædrum*. P. 62. l. 28. for Articlas, read Articles.

THE VISIONS OF Purgatory.

Anno 1680.

THE great Solemnities of *Easter* in the year 1679. had drawn an infinite number of People from all *Italy*, and the World, to *Rome*, to attend the Magnificencies of that time and place: some went to procure Pardons, and Indulgences for themselves; others to redeem their Friends and Acquaintance from *Purgatory*. Some went to Earn, others to Buy Heaven, all of them to bartar a little of this World

for a great deal of the other; so that the Bills of *Immortality* were mightily increased in most mens opinions, by the vast concourse of so many Devotes; that is, *Religion* was the great Business of the place; but for my part, Seeing was Believing to me, who went only to satisfy my Curiosity: At my first entrance, I thought the whole City had been in an uproar at Salt-Eel; until upon farther observation, I found them more in earnest, going in such solemn Processions, and doing such severe Penances, that the streets were slippery with so much Bloud as might seem sufficient to atone for all the *Guelfs* and *Gibellines* had shed in so many ages; and did well enough become the grandeur of the Spiritual Jurisdiction: but among all the ceremonies worthy my observation, none occasioned me so much wonder, as the *Bull* of *Excommunication*, which from the *Vatican* on *Maundy-Thursday*, was pronounced against all Schismaticks, and Hereticks, Jews and Turks, Pagans, *&c.* that is, against all that dissent from the Romish Principles; the form of it

was

was so dreadful, and the manner of it so Pompous, that in humble imitation of the last Trump, it seem'd to concern all Mankind. For my part, the croud and throng of people about me, with the astonishment and sudden thoughts, this last Entertainment had raised in me, wearied both my Body and Soul, so that for Ease and fresh Air, I retired to the ruins of old *Rome*.

I sate down by the *Skeleton* of an ample Theater on the Banks of *Tyber*, and began to digest those thoughts, which the circumstances of the day, and the solitariness of the place afforded me; but being throughly weary with continual travel, and so suddenly at ease, the Freeze from the River adding an exceeding pleasure to my repose, I began to let go my senses, and unexpectedly fell asleep.

But the deep and melancholick impressions the late transactions had fixed in my Imagination, suffered it to be so little at rest, that I dreamt my self into the agonies of death: my Soul upon its separation from the Body, flew unconceivably swifter than

an Arrow from a Bow, and I became in an instant volatile, as the Sun-beams; I flew methought in Air invisible, as a Butterfly in the Moon, until by wondrous Intelligence, and an unexpressible power, I was acquainted that I was on my way to *Purgatory*; and that I had left the patrimony of *St. Peter* above, for that beneath.

Altho the dismal apprehensions of death (which cause the greatest commotions in the Animal Spirits) had so disordered mine, that it was unusual that I did not instantly awake; yet my natural curiosity (which had carried me o're a mighty part of the world to despise danger and Ruine) did so well temper my amazement, that I was constrained to continue my Dream, which conveyed me to a place of all others, the least known to us living: and since the lofty industry of Man hath of late ages unfolded so great a part of the Map, and brought so great a Blessing to the earth, as the true discovery of its superficial Globe; I thought a voyage to those Wonders, which we supposed to lye in the Diameter of such a Mass

of matter worth my undertaking; knowing that all the Relations in Legends, Trentals, Dirges, Masses, and in all the Philosophical Cabbala of the *Roman* Church, are as far distant from Reality, as the Reports of the Jesuits Miracles in the *Indies*, are from matter of Fact: 'Tis true, this last Order of Men, have an excellent way of advancing the most Romantique *Bantrum* in the World, to an eminent degree of *Probability*; and can grow as rich by a Fiction, as ever the Poets were poor: They may without Blasphemy cry out, *O quantum hæ Fabulæ de Purgatoria nobis divitiarum tulére!* for these Spiritual Virtuosi have of late so cultivated, and improved those Regions, that they are the richest in the Universe and altho (according as they please, and other men beleive) They lye deeper than the profoundest Seas (the common Grave of Mankind) or lower than all Mines, yet they yield more Treasure to the Apostolical Exchequer, than those of *Potosi*. Now you cannot but wonder what means should procure so great a veneration for a place

which is nothing near so old as *St. Pauls*, no, not so old as *Ludgate* or *Newgate* either; for altho Pope *Gregory* the Great was the Author of the Invocation for the dead; and *Eugenius* the I. ordered Missals, yet it was not credited, as an Article of Faith, until the Council of *Florence*, in the year 1439. (*Eugenius* the *4th*, then Pope) I am sure it is not much longer ago since the more than probable opinion of the Antipodes, was confuted by an infallible *Anathema*. But to shew you by what means this place is of more consequence than the whole *Roman* Empire came to be such; do so much, good Reader, as go along with me into a by-place, and see that no body is coming, and I will acquaint you instantly.

It is no mean observation, that the Church of *Rome* retain some Opinions and Ceremonies, that have almost a parallel correspondence with the old Pagan Institutions of that place, and seem only to cover the Wolf with Sheeps cloathing: and as among the *Jews* there were many who were termed *Judaizing Christians* from that Veneration they

they bore to the Ceremonial Law, ſo among the Gentiles too the new Converts could ſcarce forget the reſpect they had for the Heathen Theology, eſpecially where it came neareſt Chriſtianity, in determining the certainty of Rewards and Puniſhments after this life; Now the depth of all their Myſteries lay in the great eſteem they had for the memories of famous and beneficial Men that were departed; which their funeral Obſequies, Invocations, *&c.* abundantly teſtified before their Converſion, and the great care they take to preſerve the Relicks, and Aſhes of Saints after: ſo that that opinion which at firſt was retained in private by ſome, (and with good reſtrictions) was afterwards enlarged, credited, and profeſſed by ſome Fathers, and later Councils (whoſe Writings in ſuch caſes are as Apocryphal to the Doctrine of the new Teſtament, as the Hiſtory of the *Macchabees* to the old) that this is very probable may be ſhown from a late inſtance in the Converſion of the *Japanneſe*, who were ſo ſolicitous about the State of their deceaſed Heroes, that

they along time refuſed the terms of Salvation, altho after their Baptiſm they gave as great teſtimonies of their Faith and Conſtancy, as ſome early Chriſtians. Well then, after all, let it be granted that your Authors are able to prove it from the light of Nature, or the Pens of Heathens; that ſome Fathers have mentioned it, as *St. Auſtin*, and *St. Bernard*; and that the error of *Origen* added to it too: we grant, that to the words in the *Maccabees*, you give ſome ſeeming hints of it in the New Teſtament; That our Saviour never oppoſed it among the *Jews*: and that 'tis not half ſo difficult to prove, as the lawfulneſs of Murdering Princes, and turning their Kingdoms into Common-wealths: yet after all, the great and main Reaſon of this opinion, is the neceſſity of it to uphold the grandeur, and maintain the extravagancy of the *Roman* Church.

I do not deſign to abuſe or ſcoff at any thing that is truly Sacred in the Church of *Rome*, or juſtly civil in any Forreign State: 'Tis moſt unjuſt to injure the memories of the dead, and moſt

moſt impious to laugh at the ſtate of the Damn'd, but when men ſhall make that an Article of my Faith, which may damn many Souls, but is not Eſſential to the ſaving any; when they ſhall dreſs it up with ridiculous circumſtances, and ſilly incoherences; when the Pope ſhall plunder me of my Loyaly to my lawful Prince; and this Doctrine ſhall endanger my Obedienc to God: I cannot forbear ſearching into the bottom of this deſign; and having found it, acquaint the World with the depth of it.

When, I ſay, I conſider, and find this Doctrine to be the great motive to moſt of the publick villanies of this age; a Doctrine grounded on a mixture of ſmall hopes, and faint fears, and conſequently taking away the energy of both; I have a vaſt deſire to let the Reader know it, as well as my ſelf, in that impartial Deſcription I am now making of Purgatory, and if he will have a little patience, we ſhall ſhow preſently: nevertheleſs, before I begin, it will be very convenient to know how natural and neceſſary this Doctrine

ctrine is to the Church of *Rome*; which after that it began to decline from its Primitive Purity, and to exceed the bounds of the Spiritual Dignity, through the several infamous vices, of which, most of the Prelates have been so notoriously guilty, as to equal the most wicked Emperors: After that, the voluntary Donations of good Princes, were not sufficient to satisfy their Ambition, Covetousness, and Lusts; they took occasion from the ruine of the Empire (as many of them of late have done from the divisions of *Italy*) to lay the foundation of their uncontroulable Greatness in the *West*; and after the ruine of the *Eastern* Empire, to seize the Supremacy of the World; which they had laid claim to long before. But it being impossible to keep all the Christian World in Obedience to their supernatural Prerogative, without a Power and Dominion over the Consciences of Men: there was nothing could so effectually do it, as the making the Pope in this world the Judge of mens Consciences, by Confession, and by Absolution, (if the Pope please) the rewarder

warder of their actions in the other: thus gaining upon the publique calamities of the World, and the general Ignorance of the times; thus joyning *St. Pauls* Sword in Commission with *St. Peters* Keys, and to their Canons, Councils, Leagues, Confederacies, Decretals, adding the Inquisition; they laid the foundation of a *Babel*, whose top was not so near Heaven, as the bottom of it to Hell.

Nevertheless, this mighty mass of Contrivance had fallen to confusion, had not the Errors of the Romish Church naturally produced a sect of Proselites, whose Doctrines seem the consummation of its Monstrous Opinions, and whose Orders and Institutions are Essential to the maintainance of them.

The Divinity, and Morality of the Jesuites are excellent Commentaries on the Canon-Law, which gives the Bishop of *Rome* the Supremacy over all Kings, and Potentates; which the Jesuites have confirmed, by showing most heavenly meanes to take away all that oppose it: and yet this is not sufficient,

but

but they usurp the Dominions of the King of Terrors too; Death and the Grave are Tributaries to them: and they have sequestred a place beyond them both, commonly called Purgatory, a place of the greatest Importance Imaginable to the Court of *Rome*; for thither all the Courts of Repentance are Adjourn'd; there all that pay not their Fines here, are Spiritually, or Corporally punished, until they are replevin'd for less; as is evident in that profound Volume of Pardons and Indulgences, lately Printed at *Rome*: and that which the Superstitious Mistakes of former times caused only to be Imagined; the great expences Men now adayes are at, make to be Really, and Sensibly believed. And that which was no body knew what, or where, is now excellently defin'd, described, divided, subdivided, in that curious Model the Cardinal *Bellarmin* Composed, and in other pretty Inventions of later date; so infinitely advantageous to the Jesuitical adventurers, that without it that Order of Men could never have procured the vast Interest they have in the World.

I

I am forced to make this neceſſary digreſſion, not only for your better underſtanding the Reaſons of things I ſhall hereafter diſcover; but becauſe I had a great way to go; for although, as I at firſt told you, I flew ſwifter then an Arrow from a Bow, yet it was thus late ere I could get from the 7 little Hills of *Rome* to thoſe vaſter ones of the Andes in *Peru*; (thoſe tall and ſturdy Mountains, that ſubdue the Thunder, and ſwell into Deſarts above the Clouds:) no ſooner was I mounted on the top of theſe exceeding heights, but that I was inſtantly thrown down a deep Vally, ſo profound and dusky, that the Sun ſcarce ſent thither any Deputy-Light; on the ſide of a Rock near the bottom was a Cave, whoſe entrance was obſcured with a thick foggy Hurricane: as ſoon as I was abſorpt in the Aerial Quag, I perceived my Soul rapt in *Vehicles*, whoſe groſſer qualities might make me capable of ſenſitive puniſhments, with all my faculties refin'd beyond your Imagination.

I was glad to ſee, feel, and underſtand my ſelf again, but infinitely more

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ſurprized to hear at ſome diſtance, a mighty number of People, who all like the Pilgrims to *Loretto* inceſſantly cry'd, *Ora pro nobis*; I preſently found them to be an *Oglio* of all Nations, Conditions, and Conſtitutions, who were all bound for the ſame place with me, methought I never ſaw human Nature in ſuch variety at once, ſuch degrees of Fear, Hope, Deſpair, Anger, Folly, that they all ſeem'd to act over again, what they in their lives had done, both in publique and private.

The firſt ſort I took eſpecial note of, were a great many Zealots, who invoked the Names of ſeveral Saints; ſome petitioned *St. Peter*, ſome *St. Paul*, others called upon the ſtrangeſt names that ever I heard in my life, nor can I imagine who they belong to, except the *Indian Brackmans*; ſome Freeholders of *Nova Zembla*, or ſome perſons of Quality in *Terra Incognita*.

There was a little crooked fellow, crept into the corner of a Rock upon his knees, his Cheeks were ſwell'd like a Trumpeters, I got as near him as I could conveniently; but all that I could learn

learn, was, that his mouth was full with the name of some Bombast Saint: he was mumbling it like a Cat in a Corner, but would not part with one Syllable of it.

His reserved Humour made me retire to others, whom I perceived to be abundantly more free, and thought themselves very fortunate to make their addresses to Saints A-la-mode, as *Campian*, *Garnet*, &c.

Others were mentioning great persons, as Emperours, Kings, and Champions; I was resolved to do at *Rome* as they do; and therefore with a Bongrace I beseeched St. *Nero*, St. *Heliogabalus*, and St. *Julian*; I had not thrice invoked them, before I perceived, that several (who were near me, and observed by the Calmness of my Countenance, that things were pretty quiet within) had borrowed my Tutelar Names with great Devotion, and mighty hopes of success; I observed in them a great alteration for the better, and for fear they should Pray to me too, I hastened forward; and overtook a Person in the Habit of a Jesuite, marching

ing very disconsolately. I resolved to make use of this opportunity, for my better Intelligence, and therefore in the most humble posture imaginable, Father, said I, your Reverence would Merit exceedingly, if you would assist us that linger behind with your seasonable advice: as soon as I had done speaking, he put a face o're his shoulder, that would have soured Honey, one of the most sourly Aspects that ever I beheld, 'twas so venerable, that my hair stood up at it. Reverence, Sir? (replyed he) a Pox on your Reverence; and then was silent for a time. I durst not breathe for fear I should move him a little more; when on a sudden he held up his Vest, And, Is this, said he, the Mantle of the Prophets? Is this that Immortal Buff that should secure me from all harm? might I not expect to be invisible, as well as invulnerable in it? To climb the Heavens on an enchanted Bromestaff, as soon as mount thither in this unhallowed Jerkin? Was not *Jonas* as secure under his Gourd, from the flaming Sun, as I am from the fire of Purgatory, under

this

this mushroom-*Capuch*. Oh that I should put my trust in this most Christian Turbant! Could I think that to be Buried in this habit would atone for those many Innocent's I sent untimely to their graves! For all those Ruines, and mournfull desolations I left behind me! Oh that I could throw those Robes from me, which like the *Tunica Molesta*, adds to my Torment! but tis too late to repent, or rent my Garments.

He had just ended his complaint as a Capuchin who was very near, and overheard him, burst into excessive laughter; and looking earnestly on me, Is it possible said he, that the adorable Garb of a Jesuit should be Combersome to this man? Can he fear any danger or affronts, whilst he is Mufled up in this Celestial Livery? Chear up Sir (said He) there is some most accomplisht Talisman against fire in these Robes, or some Secret fob to hide your most sensitive faculties in; Pray let me ease you by unridling the mysterious Intrigues of this habit. With that he turned up his Cassock, which was Richly lined with Silks, and so

contrived for carriage with pockets, that it was difficult to find them all out; in some of them we found *Agnus Dei's*, *Veronica's* heads, beads, and strange Relicts in Tobacco-boxes; in others whole Comb-cases full of Indulgences Pardons, Commissions to Rebel, Murder, Burn, to be perjured in the highest degree, (and some other works of supererogation) with Love-letters, Assignations, Bawdy Songs, Libells, and the Mass: and are not these Sir said the *Capuch.* (looking austerely on him) most excellent preservatives against hears and colds? Could you imagine there should be so much inherent holiness in these Garments as to secure you from punishment for sins, by taking away the guilt of them? Oh ye Charming power of new fashions! was there nothing among all the ancient Institutions of our Church worthy your respect and esteem, but the Rules of this order of men? Who seem to cancel all that is old in Religion (I mean Piety) and to make it all Ceremony and State-policy. 'Tis now, continued he, that four hundred years are past since

since several Learned and Iudicious writers have endeavoured to prove the great damage the Church would suffer from instituting new Religious Orders among us; and fourty years are scarce gone over since we have seen effected by the Jesuits alone, what they could not have imagined, such as do fatally forerun the ruine of the Church of *Rome*. This is Father (said I) what I can hardly believe, and their actions less aim at. Their manners do (said he) and their worse Doctrines: they will lose the hearts of the World as the excellent spirit of Christianity first gained them; and altho' their Interest at present in it is great, and disproportionable to their Vowes; yet they will at last naturally contract that envie which is just to them: but besides all this, they have shown themselvs monstrously ungratefull to those Princes, who have bin their best Patrons; they have endeavoured to ruine the Interests of the *Austrian* Family, who first Established them, for no other Reason but because it at present declines from its former grandure: its true in the Empire of

Germany, Kingdoms of *Spain*, and *Naples*, they manage the domestiqe concerns to the Princes advantage, so long as they are consistent with their own; and in the *Indias* they are the best part of the Colonies; yet in Europe where the affairs of Christendom are in general debated (as lately at *Nimueghen*, that great Mart of policy) they privately encouraged the most Victorious Arms, Knowing that they can best Reward them in times of peace, and bearing things fairly and Indifferently to the Eyes of the World, they will be secure and flourishing amids the Ruines, and desolations of succeeding Wars; these things must in time open the Eyes of Catholick Princes, and let them see that they are not so much oblidged to the Jesuits, as to fortune, and success for all those services they continue to them. And since they manage an interest distinct from all others, and which they are oblidged to prosecute, altho with the Ruine of Cristendome; all wise men will soon see from whence those Iealousies, and discontents arise between the Princes of Europe, and

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the first motives to those Wars that divide the Christian World. Tis true there were Wars and fightings enough in the world before there were Jesuits, (for it was formerly the Popes Business) but the Devil is pleased to think them the fittest Instrument now adays; for it is well Known what animosities they have bred in *Poland*, ever since they endeavoured to make that Kingdom not Elective: what Wars they have brought upon the *Venetian* State since the disgrace they received in that Commonwealth: in *France* they fomented the League: occasioned the conquest and Ruine of *Portugal*: and procured the *Azores* to the Spanish King, and then most flourishing Monarch of Europe: They were the secret Incendiaries to stir up the people of England to the late unnatural Rebellion; and when they had done, they reproacht that Nation throughout all the World for the unparellell'd Villanie, and Murder of the King; and in their writings they pretended to abhor and detest what in private they most zealously prosecuted and acted: and indeed not only the

King of *England*, but all Protestant Princes to be irreconcilable to our Church, tho' but for their sakes,

Father (said I) interrupting him, I wonder that these things do not dispose the Christian Princes to serve them as they did the Templars, those Sons of Thunder vanished in a moment like Lightning, without any injury to the Church.

Oh no Sir (Replyed he) that cannot be; their General sitteth so near the Pope, that he cannot fall without pulling him after him: for the concern of the Church of *Rome* doth now so far depend on the Court of *Rome*, and that on the Order of Jesuits, that whatever alteration shall happen to the one, must certainly reach the other; nay their General seems not only to have equal Authority, but to usurp the Title, and dignities of the Pope; he is frequently stiled *Christi Vicarius*; the very second General of that Order *Jacobus Laynez* was by the name of Pope *Julio* the 3d. And if ever another of that society should be chosen they would more slightly confine the Popedome to that

Order

Order then it is now to *Italy*: in the mean time they were bold enough to encroach upon it, when they Impudently demanded that one of their Order should always attend the Nuncio.

There are other Practises by which they will render themselves, and consequently the Church of *Rome*, (which Authorises them) odious to every particular man; and those are their abominable Morals; such doctrines of Libertinism as none but a Jesuit, and the great old Dragon, just let lose from the bottomless pit, could have contrived: for altho' such Principles may for a time find entertainment in the hearts of licentious, and debauched Persons; becaus they give a liberty of Sinning to any degree, by pardoning at any rate; yet the most Execrable Villains in Nature do as often question the Authority of their absolution from the Guilt, as the lawfulness of the Commission of their Sins; and altho' they are willing to adjourn their Penance until they goe to the other World; yet they fear their reception there will not be so favourable, or their release

ſo ſpeedy as the Jeſuits are pleaſed to make them believe: for they have contrived a *Purgatory* (to which we now haſten) which cuts out all the Dreams of the *Indian Brachmans*, *Mahomets Paradiſe*, the whimſies of the moſt barbarous Nations, or the Dominions of old *Pluto*, either for the wonders of its Workmanſhip, or invention, or gain and Revenues; There they have whole Magazins of afflictions of all ſorts, and ſizes, fitted to every temper, conſtitution, and condition; cruel twinging and corroding Paines, which they can tie up, and let looſe in an inſtant: and on the other hand moſt ſpeedy, and infallible Salvo's for every aifflicted complection: theſe do all excell all former inventions as much as the new Philoſophy does the old, or any thing you ſhall hereafter ſee does *Tantalus* his Cucking-Stool, and all of them of exceeding value; for whileſt poor Chymiſts are ſooty with groping for the Philoſophers Stone, they ſhine great and glorious on the Throne of Confeſſion, and draw mighty taxes from thoſe *Roſicrucian* Dominions: but they will not

be

be long inviſible to us, for we now approach a place of the greateſt action in Imagination; there are all ſorts of men buſie to undo what ever they have done in their lives (as if the ſurface of things tho' never ſo ſecret on Earth were reflected on thoſe fires, as the face of the Heavens on the Waters) Tis in that Place of plain dealing we ſhall be acquainted with all the Intrigues of the new Caſuiſtical Divinity, which to humane Reaſon are Croſs purpoſes; its there we ſhall ſee the truth of things naked as the Soul at its departure, or the body at its birth; there are all ſecret imaginations, and private contrivances forced into publick actions; all the revells of the mind; all the hidden Plots, and moſt retired and deep Machinations to Subvert Goverments, deſtroy Kings, ruine Empires, and embroyl the World: the very *Sanctum Sanctorum* of Ieſuitiſm: and in a word the moſt Ridiculouſly Villanous Genius of theſe latter days.

He had no ſooner done ſpeaking but we were diverted with a proſpect through a delicate Caſcade into the richeſt

richeſt Feilds in the World, here is (cries the *Capuch.*) *Limbus Patrum*; mark how yonder apoplectical *Heroe*, freed from pain by a moſt wholſom Palſey, ſtalks and grumbles for want of Employment; and is weary of his *Quietus eſt.* Truly Father (ſaid I) I thought I had entred the *Elyſian* ſhades, and I am ſure I have read of this place in the *Minor Poets.* Then we paſſed by *Limbus Infantum*, a place renowned for innocency, as the other for eaſe: but our Buſineſs lay in neither of them; for that we marched forward through a narrow, and duskie paſſage between two Rows of Yew-trees until we came to a wall of great height adorned with a magnificent Gate-houſe, o're the Portal were to be read in Burniſhing Gold theſe words: *Orate Pro Animabus A B C.*

By this time a great number that followed, over took us, and the Port-cullis being drawn up at the hours of Maſs (to let thoſe out who were to be releaſed) obliged us to enter in at the ſame time: now my teeth began to chatter; and I expected at the firſt ſtep to have fallen up to the Crotch

in

in Snap-dragons; when to my great amazement we entred one of the largeſt and moſt beautiful Courts that I have ſeen, the *Capuch.* who obſerving by my countenance that I was diſappointed of my expectation, took me by the hand, and ſmiling, wonder not (ſaid he) that inſtead of a houſe full of fire and ſmoak you are come into the Jeſuits Colledg; for all people who expect any favour in *Purgatory* muſt paſs this way: for altho' by their Orders *Hoſpin:* *They are not oblidged to pray for the dead*; yet they diſpoſe of the greater part of the World who are bound for this place; they being not only the cheif and moſt faſhionable Confeſſors of this Age; but alſo conſiderable Officers in the *Camera Apoſtolica*

And now we are here, theſe Gentlemen in their habit, and as attendants on him ſhall give us an opportunitie of viewing the cuſtoms, and manners of this place.

By your leave (Father ſaid I) this place looketh more like a Priſon then a Colledg; for tho' tis Beautiful within, tis as ſtrong as a Caſtle: ſurely theſe people

people will put our Souls into the Stocks, or hail our Intellectualls to the Pillory.

You have not so much reason (replyed the *Capuch.*) to fear as they have, they know well enough that they have Enemies in the World, and therefore they are Jealous, and love to be secure: did you never here of their Colledg at *Prague*, that was so well provided and furnished with all manner of Ammunition? and that other at *Cracow* in *Poland*, which the Turks thought to have bin a Garrison of Christian Janisaries? But let not these things affright you, be bold and follow me.

With that he mounted a pair of staires which led into a larg room ore the Gate-house; I was surprised to espie a great number of grave Austere persons sitting around a table, in the middle of which lay a corps so mangled, that I thought that they had the man in the Almanack for the first dish.

What place is this Sir (said I) the Anatomy School? no, no (quoth the *Capuch.*) it is the Council of the Holy Inquisition; at the very name my heart beat

beat a march to my leggs, which would certainly have run a way with me, if I could have thought to escape so; but I was forced to take courage, and began to look about me: the Chamber was hung around with their famous exploits, which were their Murders in the *Valtolin*, in *France*, *Germany*, *Spain*, and *Italy*: their Massacres in several parts of the Earth; but their wonders in *America* took up a whole side of the room; there was a void place for *Brittain*; but their design was not yet finished: so that here was the Map of the World deluged with Blood.

I went to a great Chest, which was filled with sundry Rarities, as Carabins, Pitchforks, Brimston, and fire; but one thing I took great notice of, and that was a Coin of Pope *Gregories* the 13th with this Motto *Stragès Ugonothorum*; as currant Money as that with which the Spanish Mastives were solemnly paid for Hunting, and Killing the poor Indians. Whilst I was viewing these things 7 or 8 Rich men were recommended to fire and faggot for no body knows what, when,

when, or where, by an Order from the Inquisition.

We were pretty well satisfied with what we had seen in this place, and retiring, I espied o're the dore the Banner of the Inquisition: The Coat was the Popes, and King of *Spains* Arms; and are these (said I) the *Insignia* of this powerfull Iurisdiction which bares such a sway in the World? The four ancient Monarchies of which were described by four Monsters: but this truly Fifth Monarchy can never be represented, nor can any disharmonious Union in Nature Emblematize that power that endeavours the Corruption of Grace: surely this is another Pagan ordinance; the dead seem all alive as in the *Hades* of *Homer*, but cannot sentence the Living, except they drink humane Blood, which is the life of man: all of this Council were of a pale, and yellowish Complection; lookt with gastly Visages, as if some secret flame had burnt their Entrails; and were continually tormented with the anguish of a wrathfull mind and Tyrannous Enclinations mixed with zeal, which made them look

look like the Heaters of the fiery furnace; and and if Intemperance translated *Ulysses* his men into Swine, these had the faculties of mad dogs.

We passed from them through an Antichamber into a stately Combination room, which was filled with no better Company; for altho' they sat with Countenances so demure, as if their hearts had bin busied with the best thoughts that can enrich the Soul of man; yet when I perceived the furniture of the table, which was Bell, Book and Candle; and a mong them *Escobar*, *Lessius*, *Molina* and *Campian*, I no longer doubted their concerns, nor needed I; for in that instant *Campian* stood up; and since (said he) your Reverences cannot but Know, that in my Epistle to Queen *Elizabeths* Privy Council, Printed in the year 1583 I have thus declared; That as touching our Society, be it known unto you; that we have a League all the Jesuits in the World, whose succession and multitude must overeach the Practise of *England*, Chearfully to carry the Cross which God shall lay upon us; and never to despair

deſpair your recovery ſo long as a man of us remain to enjoy your *Tyburn &c.* (and *Creſwell* ſaid the ſame) it is in vain for us any longer to palliate our pretenſes; and altho' the Councils of *Conſtance*, and of *Spain*, the *Sorbon* Colledg upon the Murder of *Henry* the Fourth ſeem to condemn this practiſe upon particular accounts, and to Temporiſe with ſome difficulties; yet the Doctrine of thoſe Authors do abundantly confirm it (with that he pointed to aſide-board-table that was loaden with a vaſt number of folio's containing the Canons, Council, Decrees, Bulls, Excommunications, and ſeveral Murdering Ordinances and Injunctions of the *Roman* Church) ſo that (continues he) I Know not whether we have bin more ſucceſſull in ſmothering or undertaking after diſcovery, or admireable in the contrivance of them; yet in this laſt deſign upon *England* we ſhall engage as many teſtimonies againſt us, as in all our practiſes againſt Queen *Elizabeth*, and King *James*, ſince Managed by as many as thoſe altogether; and yet we muſt ſtill proſecute according

ing

ng to our universal assent and consent for the Future. At the end of this sentence, all the Fathers unanimously stood up: and laying their hands on their breasts, did in most solemn manner renew their vowes of Fidelity, and Secrecy.

I began to look upon them with some esteem, thinking that men of their parts and Learning would not be so solemnly engaged upon Trivial accounts, or be rashly concerned in a Business to which they had no fundamental Right. And therefore turning to the *Capuch.* Father (said I) It seemeth strang to me that these men, who are born the subjects of different Princes, between whom there have lately happened mortal, and bloody Wars; and between whose parents and Relations there has always bin a different Humour and National Antipathy, I say 'tis strang to me that these men should so heartily, and unanimously agree in the same opinions, and practises. Pray tell me, is Zeal, or interest the Cement of this Society? Truly Sir, replyed the *Capuch.* These two things put together make the most

accompliſh't Jeſuit; for you muſt underſtand that the Novices are brought up under ſuch ſtrict rules of obedience to their ſuperious, that 'tis no wonder that they can ſo eaſily forget Father, and Mother, and their duty to their Prince, and Country. Then they have ſuch impreſſions of eſteem and value for their Fathers fixed in their minds from their youth, that when they arrive to the higheſt preferments, and their Reaſons to the beſt improvements, their Iudgments can never blot out thoſe Characters ſo long ſtampt in their Memories, ſo that 'tis no wonder that they teach others, and practiſe them ſelves what they were taught. And this is the reaſon that they are ſo ready, and officious to inſtruct the youth, becauſe by that means they ſhall engage the generality of men to a good opinion of them.

Now altho' thoſe who are admitted into their ſociety, take a vow of perpetual poverty, and reſign their property, yet 'tis all to their own Comunitie, from whence they again receive all the conveniences of life, without thoſe

thoſe cares that attend thoſe that ſtand on their own leggs, or fall by themſelves. There are many of the ſeculars among them, who are employed in ſeveral Trades, and altho' they muſt give an account to the Society; yet 'tis their ſufficient Intereſt to be thus Employed, for in the mean time they live, and enjoy the comforts of life to what degree they pleaſe; and altho' they may fear the Hangman, ſhall never need to fear their Creditors: as for example, ſuppoſe (what was very true) that one of them Keep a Tavern in *London*, firſt he is ſupplyed with a good ſtock, then with good intelligence from the Vintages; and 'tis a very hard caſe if he have not good cuſtome from his own order, who may occaſion much money to be ſpent there by their too numerous acquaintaince; to be ſhort, they all move in the higheſt ſphere of Ambition in the World: for to be Captain in an Army, wherein all Europe might be Engaged againſt the Turks, ſhall not ſo much encourage a man to ſhow his valour, and conduct, as it ſhall move a man to ſhow his obedience and parts to an order of

men compoſed of all Nations, for whom he hath ſo great veneration, and who ſeem to fight all the Intereſts in the World: this make them the ſay, as in Salomon, *Come with us, caſt in thy lot among us, we will all have one purſe:* this makes the greateſt villanies, that may promote their Interſt, ſeem the moſt glorious Atcheivments: this makes them venture their Lives madly, like the *Circumcelliones*, and die deſperately beyond Example.

We went down a pair of backſtairs into a ſtately Cloyſter, which led directly to a Chappel Extraordinarly adorned with rich Plate, lively Hangings, and ſomthing reſembling the Jeſuits Church at *Antwerp*; but I took eſpecial notice of the Effigies of ſeveral Perſons, who in all Hiſtory do ſeem to me as ill villains as any that are mentioned in the vaſt Catalogue of memorable mankind, and might as ill become ſuch a place as *Judas*, there were the Portraitures of *Ravilliac*, *Jacob Clemens*, and of ſeveral other Aſſaſſins, whom ſucceſs in their deſigns had made as infamous, as their puniſhments remarkable: but here their memories

memories seemed somewhat more pretious, for they were mounted above the Clouds on the wings of Angels, and crowned by Cherubims with wreaths of Light: over against them were the resemblances of those unfortunate Princes, who fell by there wicked hands, but were more rudely used by the Painters. Whilest I was viewing them, my Ears were as much surprised with a consort of Flutes, Tabors, loud Bagpipes, and such sorts of oriental Musick, as use to set the Turks and Tartars together by the Ears: I expected some sacred Masquerade, such as the Jesuits (who have well read men) do now a days oblidge the world with; or such as the Church of *Rome*, formerly used (for there was a Church in *Florence* Burnt down with that fire that was made to represent the descent of the Holy Ghost) but I was mistaken; for there entered between two four ill lookt wormeaten Jesuits, a fellow so terribly Grim and stern, that there wanted only the sign of the wild-man to represent him too. *Mach. Hist.*

Truly I was a little fearful at the first,

and my hair ſtood up to complement his; he had a Stilletto in his right hand, and the Maſs in his left; ſo that I ſhunned him, and drawing towards the *Capuch.* Father (ſaid I) it ſeems ſtrang to me, that this fellow, being poſſeſſed, and coming hither to be exorciſed, ſhould be ſuffered to bear ſuch a weapon in his hand. Oh Sir! (replyed he) you miſtake the buſineſs, this fellow comes not hither to have one Devil taken from him, but to have ſeveral Legions put into him; the Jeſuits are now entring this man, and with more ſubtile arguments then ever the old Serpent inventeed, do prompt him to Sin againſt the light of nature, without any motives to reall, or ſeeming Good: he is now inſtructed to deſtroy the perſon of a great King, without any hopes of eſcaping the puniſhment due to ſuch a villany, and how they reward him in *Purgatory* you ſhall underſtand by and by; 'tis true thirty thouſand Maſſes were an Apoſtolical donation, but you will find them as Inſignificant as an Eclogue of *Virgil*, or two ſtaves of the Catholique Ballad.

The

The dreadful circumſtances of inſtructing this ~~paricide~~ regicide, filled me with horror, and amazement; and the ſolemn manner of conſecrating the weapons, wherewith he was to give the fatal Blow, ſeemed to add a wondrous Impiety to their malicious, and diabolical deſigns; and altho' I well enough knew, that after all their pretences of charity and piety, yet, they aime at nothing leſs then an unlimited power, and greatneſs; yet I did little think they ſhould ever endeavour to attain it by ſuch Maxims; by doctrines ten thouſand times more villanous then the *Alcoran*, which the Natural barbarity of the Canniballs never taught them; and the Hang-man of *Scythia* would have burnt at the ſtake; by Doctrins ſo cowardly baſe and barbarous, that *Sergius* ſeemed a Saint to the Devil *Ignatius*, whoſe undivine motto was, *Cavete vobis Principes*. Theſe reflections made me turn to the *Capuch.* and ask him what particular Reaſons do move the Jeſuits to proſecute all Chriſtain Princes, and eſpecially the King of *England*? I (ſaid I) know the Cannons of *Rome* long before the

Order of Jesuits did abundantly instruct the Papists to these practises, and most of the Christian World have felt the effects of them; but the English have the most reason to know them, from the frequent and notorious villanies practised in that Kingdom.

You put me now upon a question (said I) which I should not resolve, were I the person my garb denotes me; but waving this untill another occasion; The Order of Jesuits seem to be raised by the Pope, in opposition to the happy Reformation, which was not perfected before they began to stir abroad; and they have incessantly annoyed you in several undertakings, which all your Historys from that time to this day mention, besides in many things not generally Known.

The revolt of so noble a Kingdom as *England*, from the Roman yoke, exceedingly grieved his Holyness, who immediatley sent out his new instituted *Ianisaries* to reduce that Province; but they in short time overawing their Grand Signior, were far more enclined to that expedition from the hopes of improving

proving their own Intereſts, and the greatneſs of their Order, which according to their rules, is to be preferred before the ſafety of Chriſtendom; now there is no place ſo convenient to overlook it as *England*, which doth ballance all Europe, and hath in the laſt Ages given a check to the dangerous Growth of any one people, it would be verie advantageous to ſettle in that Kingdom for their publick concerns: but beſides they would ſoon procure great Revenues, and privilidges from the Inhabitants, of whom they of the Roman Religion, are the Jeſuits friends, and few of them *Janſeniſts*, or unreformed Catholiques: and that is another motive, for everſince their firſt attempts upon *England* in the days of Queen *Mary*, they quarelled all other Prieſts, who had brought in Popery, and endeavoured to turn them out; and in a late dull Pamphlet, entitlued *Ianſenia*, they ſeemed Iealous that their quarrel in *France* might endamage them in *England*: 'tis true they uſed ſome other Prieſts, and ſeculars in the late Plot, but it was upon neceſſity.

Another

Another Reason of their wicked Industry is, the facilitie of perfecting their attempts from the divisions, and animosities among the people (for what resolutions can be expected in them who are divided by so many new and various Enmities?) they occasioned the late Civil Wars, and altho' they did not work to that end they entended them, yet they thought they had more effectual means now from the encrease of Roman Catholiques, from the inveterate hatred all other sects show to the Government both in Church and State.

There are another sort of Persons, they are verie intimate with all, and they are the *Atheists* and *Libertines*; the one managed by their excellent Doctrine of Demonstration, the other by that of Probability, pretty discipline for them whose sculls are of the complexion of the five Dutch senses: the one have scarce the goodness to be ambitious, and both so drownd in their lusts, and indifferent to Religion, that they will never die in defence of a Goverment; to the preservation of which, the Articles of our Church are so essentially Necessary:

ceſſary: Now the only difficulty the Jeſuits ſtick at, is to be certain that they are favoured by that Prince, whoſe aſſiſtance they require in the recovery of that Kingdom. The Spaniſh Kings are the true ſonnes of the Roman Church, and conſequently their Chief Patron; they were ſtiled in the days of *Philip* the Second no leſs then Apoſtles (as were *Manes* his 12 diſciples) ſo they had a powerful influence upon that Prince to move him to an invaſion which proved unſucceſsful; ſince ſo mighty a power was ſo eaſily, defeated nothing leſs than the moſt victorious Arms of Europe muſt make the ſecond venture; and therfore the *F: K.* muſt be moved to this Expedition; the great, and chief motives to which, are their own Intereſts, and not either love or Loyalty to any foreign State, or Zeal to the Roman Church.

The *Capuch.* having ended his diſcourſe, beckned to me to follow him; and ſo I did through a dark Alley, which led to a little Braſon-Gate, through which after we had deſcended eight or ten ſteps, we entred into a large

Vault

Vault directly under the Chapel; at the first I could not well tell whither I felt the cold or darkness of the place; but immediately after I espied a Table, as I thought just under the high Altar, covered with a Crimson Carpet, distaind with black Scorpions, Spiders and Toads, and set out with Six dim tapers; by the light I then perceived the arch of the Vault to be enammel'd with the Devils hand writing, which contained the names of several Conjurers, done with the flame of a Candle: at some distance from the table were seated in strange Habits, and with Cloudy look's, several modern Devil-mongers, who came to assist at the Blackest Ceremonies in the Church of Darkness.

Among them the most remarkable was Pope *Paul* the Third, who excommunicated *Henry* the Eighth, altho Pope *Julio* his predecessor would have transferred to him the Title of Most Christian. I say, that Pope *Paul* the Third, who to his other Impietys added the abominable Sin of *Necromaneis*, so fat was the head of the *R. C.* from keeping the Commandments of God, that he

he had more Devils than one: He was here ſeated in a Chair of State, croſs-leg'd for good luck; the place lookt like an Indian Pagode, into which there now entred a tall, ſlender Jeſuit, in a Robe made of the skins of Embrio's, and the great old Dragon for a Creſt to his corner'd Cap; who marching towards the Table, and kneeling down, began to invoke ſeveral wicked Spirits, and the Ghoſts of famous Wizards. When he had done, he ſacrificed the fore-skins of Janiſaries, with an Offering of Snap-dragons; and then ariſing, he drew a Circle of Wild-fire about him, and holding a Snake in his Right hand, he ſpake theſe Lines in a hollow and murmuring Voice,

Now all the Dæmons *of the Air*
Of England's *ruin do deſpair;*
The Influence of ſullen Stars,
And foreign and domeſtick Wars
Have done their worſt:

And the deſtroying Angel too
Hath done what death's Imperial Sword can do,
To make that people more accurſt,

With

With Plagues, and Jesuits, Fire, and Sword, have gone,
To work out Britain's *great Confusion;*
With them the Vices of the Age combine,
And carry on the great design:

But all the Powers of darkness cannot do,
The Nations Guardian Angel is our foe.

II.

Forth from the dark Abyss of fate,
From the deep Conclave of Hells state,
I now invoke these elder Evils,
The last reserves of fighting Devils;
Dæmons *without head or tail,*
Dæmons *of Fanaticism rise,*
In various forms, and wondrous wise;
You only can prevail,
You never fail.

After a little pause there appeared the *How Do ye*, or *The present State and Genius of Fanaticism*; but in such a miscellany of Garb, that *Hobbs* in ten miles riding could never patch together such incoherencies; he was the great Hieroglyphick of *Jesuitism*, *Puritanism*, *Quakerism*, and of all *Isms* from *Schism*; he had on his head a Broad-brimm'd hat, like a Quaker, only the Crown was out, which

which diſcovered that he was ſhaven; his face was a medly of tempers; he ſeem'd to cry, laugh, talk, ſpit, ſnivel, all in a wind, and he lookt like the Compaſs; he was up to the arm-pits in a Tub, which reached down to his ancles, one of his feet was cloven, and from the cleft went this Motto, *Divide & Impera*; but one thing I took eſpecial notice of, and that was a Label from his mouth, containing theſe words, *We have a Law, and by our Law he ought to die, becauſe he maketh himſelf a King.*

All the aſſembly made their reſpects to this Apparition; and the Conjurer having done his Ceremonies, ſpake as followeth.

To Thee, moſt powerful Genius, are we come
On Embaſſie from thy Confederate Rome;
The laſt of times Commands us both to Joyn,
To Judge, Condemn, and Kill our foes, and thine:
No difference can be ſhown 'twixt us and Thee,
So long as [*non-ſenſe underſtood*] *agree*
With [*fallible Infallibility.*]

Long our unwieldy means, and vaſt deſigns,
Bigger than Mountains, deeper than the Mines,
Have prov'd but uneffectual trifling toyes,
But Womens valour, ſtratagems of Boys;

When

When you from little undiscovered things
Destroy'd 3 Kingdoms, and unthron'd two Kings;
Thou did'st them to such civil wrath dispose,
They had Triumph'd,
If only all the World had been their foes.
Go, and once more let thy tempestuous Zeal
Thy power in them to all mankind reveal;
Great pestilence of the mind, we trust in Thee,
Maggot of Conscience, true Lycantropy;
Let them to real Wolves, and Lyons turn,
Whilst they with ignorant indignation burn;
Be only men by Knowledg of their force,
Like monstrous Tartar make them man, and horse:
So they'll conclude the Worlds great Tragedy,
And metamorphos'd from Humanity,
Be Cadmus's or the Serpents strange posterity:
For as mad men do their own lives annoy,
So bodies Politick themselves destroy.
Let natures Wars destroy those babes of Grace,
As Angels fell in battle from their Place.
No need of more Anathema's from Rome,
All will be Anti-popes, and sanctifie each others doom.

These words were no sooner ended, but the Poetical Conjurer was rapt up in Flames, crackled like Bayes, and Himself, and Audience, and all disappeared; so that we were left in the dark; and feeling our way out, I was astonish'd with a strange noise, as if *Briarius* had been

been at Hotcockles with all his hands. I askt the *Capuchin* what was the meaning of this noiſe, who told me, that if I was a Novice among them, I ſhould ſoon know, for that next to this Vault was another, where they puniſh the Novices by terribly affrighting them, and with ſuch ſevere Baſtinadoes that ſome of them never come out alive again, which made me haſten away with all ſpeed imaginable: as ſoon as I thought my ſelf out of danger, I began to reflect on what I had ſeen. I was ſtrangely ſurpriſed to find Pope *Paul* the Third in ſuch wicked Circumſtances, which made me tell the *Capuchin*, that although the Jeſuits Morals might eaſily convince a man of their Practiſes; yet I mightily wondred that the Popes, who are elected from among the Inhabitants of the greater part of Chriſtendom to be Head of the Church, ſhould ever be guilty of ſuch Vices, as they are commonly charged with; that a man who is to ſit in the eyes of all the World, and in a Place to which neither Honour, nor Riches, nor any thing elſe, but the moſt excellent ſpirit of a perfect Chriſtian,

ſtian, ſhould advance him, with the conſent of ſuch a number of rare Underſtandings as are to aſſiſt him; that he ſhould ſometimes prove the Monſter of the Age, is the Myſtery of iniquity to me.

To you Sir, reply'd the *Capuchin*, can he appear any otherwiſe to you, ſince he is your mortal Enemy, ſo long as you deny his Supremacy; which perhaps your Judgment is not directed to allow of?

Good Father, reply'd I, miſtake me no; for 'tis not becauſe the Pope thinks me an Heretick (and therefore would infallibly Carbinado me, if he could catch me) that I conſequently think him an Adulterer; and although Pope *John* the Twelfth was a great one, I never read that he ſent his Nuncio thus far for a Wench; and therefore I ſpeak of thoſe groſs Immoralities and Perſonal Vices their own Hiſtorians report them to have been guilty of.

You ſay right, quoth the *Capuchin*, theſe things are beſt ſhown by matter of Fact, brought to us by the faithful reports of impartial Hiſtorians.

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The Kingdom of *England* is so far distant from the Court of *Rome*, that they have disproportionable apprehensions of it, which is sufficiently seen in that the Kings of that Nation have done Penance according to the Popes proud order, whereas he himself was shut out of *Rome*, and the States of *Italy* did always as little value his Spiritual Arms, as his Temporal; The *Florentines* in the year 1478. slighted the Popes Interdiction, commanded their Priests to celebrate Mass, summoned a Council of all the Prelates of *Tuscany*, wherein they appeared to the next General Council from *Sixtus the Fourth*, who basely agreed to the dreadful Murder of *Lorenzo di Medici* in the Cathedral of St. *Reparata*, and for hanging the Assassin a Priest, unjustly waged War with them. And the *Venetians* chose a Bishop of *Vincenza* in despight of Pope *Julio the Second*, who therefore procured the League of *Cambray* against them; and at this day they pay no Pensions to Cardinals, nor do they care for a favourable Election; nor is any in possession of a Benefice by any Grant, or

Nomination of the Popes (unless first approved by the Council) and they are so wise as to find out a trick to prevent the effect of the Popes Patent. So that many may look upon the goodness as well as the greatness of the Popes at too great a distance; and that because they are ignorant of the present State and Policy of the Court of *Rome*, or by what means he and his Courtiers come to make up that Court; this we know from those Historians who are, or were of that Court, and sufficiently obliged to it not to discredit it in such a manner, and yet they are forced from the power of manifest Truths to record many extravagancies; and we may suspect that Pope *Adrian* had good cause to throw the Statua's of *Marforio* and *Pasquil* into *Tyber*, rather than that people should daily read worse things than the Scriptures in the vulgar Tongues; and although I believe their Libels no more than their Legends, there may be more Grounds of Truth for the former, than for the latter. But further, Sir, if you knew by what means some arrive at that Dignity, you cannot think they will keep

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it better than they got it; how often hath it been procured by Factions and Usurpations, by Stratagems and Interests infinitely different from the simplicity of the first Apostolick Elections? how often have there been Schisms in that Church? and how many disordered Popes after due Election have the City of *Constance* been fatal to by General Councils there held, and call'd to reform them? But to prevent this for the future, they have a new *Raggione di stato*, and that is, that Cardinals may not go out of the State of the Church without leave from the Pope, and so they prevent those Councils, before which they have been formerly summon'd to appear. The order of Cardinals, from whence they are chosen, have been made infamous by the lives of several unworthy and undeserving persons among them (too many to name at present) who may arrive at the Popedom as well as others: Pope *Leo the Tenth* created 30 Cardinals at once, and would have made *Raphael* of *Urbin* one among them for Monies due to him for Pictures; I will accuse them of no more

faults than they have been guilty of; but it was a cunning trick of the Jesuits to curry Pope *Paul the Third* (a man of his Inclinations) by telling him, That if he by his wickedness should damn the World, he could not be questioned for it: and truly if we shall have no better for the future, than the generality of them have been these last 500 years, I wish the Prophesie of St. *Malachias* Archbishop in *Ireland*, in the year 1140. had been One thousand years old.

Vid. *Flosculi Historici.*

Father, said I, methinks these Popes are not such crafty old Foxes as I always fancied them; I think Pope *Paul the Third* might have been more wise than to seek the recovery of *England* by the *Black Art*; Does he think after the defeat of their Armada's abroad, and discoveries of their Plots at home, to conquer us with a Regiment of enchanted Bromestaves? does he lay aside all the Heroes of *Christendom* and *Turky*, to engage *Oberon*, *Robin Good-fellow*, and *Tom Thumb* against us? will he make his Jesuits, who are real Plagues to us, turn

Magicians

Magicians to make counterfeit ones? Alas he had better turn the Sieve by St *Peter*, and St *Paul*, to know who stole us from him; we are as far out of the reach of these little designs as the Moon, which (were it a face according to the Hypothesis of Sign-posts) would laugh at the Dogs that bark at it.

You do well, replyed the *Capuchin*, to bantrum your self with these extravagant animadversions; but I must tell you, how little and inconsiderable soever they seem to you, yet do they abundantly testifie their malice to be very great; which when it cannot prevail with Heaven, and Providence to determine your ruine, seeks to the Fates and nethermost Hell to contrive it; and I must tell you they have found out a nicking Devil, (a Devil of their own complexion) from the effects of whose unreasonable malice, that Heaven alone, which hath hitherto prevented them, is still able to preserve you; but you shall see more of this in another place.

He had no sooner done speaking, but we were by a By-way, which I shall

not find another time, brought into a wide place, which was sultry hot with the Multitude crouding into the mouth of *Purgatory*: The entrance gave us a strange and unusual Prospect; it lookt like the Cave of *Custoza*, between *Padoa* and *Vincenza*, or the *Stone Quarry* near *Maestricht*, no Labyrinth more intricate, like *Nero*'s *Hundred Chambers* at *Bajæ*; there were several By-ways which led into the several divisions of *Purgatory*; but before I came to any particular one of them, I perceived my *Capuchin* violently hurried away, and carried before a grave person, who sat in a Chair, and suffered none to pass, before he had examined them. I was forced very near him, but with a good will, for I was desirous to understand his employment. I immediately perceived him to be the Confessor-General, for as soon as the *Capuchin* was got to him, he askt several questions concerning the course of his life, and began to upbraid him for being a Jansenist; at which the Captain told him, that he was no member of the *Roman* Church, and consequently no Jansenist; that he died a Pro-

Protestant, being ashamed to be of that Church which did Authorise, and that publickly too, such manifest Villains.

The Confessor told him he should find much Civility in respect that he had forsaken *Jansenius*, although he had turned *Turk*, and so dismist him.

The next that came to Confession was a young Woman, with whom he was at the old sport of *Questions and Commands, Crambo and Cross-purposes*, which were so lascivious and impertinent, that the Woman, though formerly an impudent Whore, was more ashamed than afraid to answer him.

My turn came the next, and after my respects done, he askt me what my name was, I thought that if ever a good thumping name would do me a kindness, it might do me one now, and therefore I confidently told him that my name was *Honorificabilitudinitatibusque*. He lookt very wishly upon me all the time I was saying my name, and as soon as I had done, Sir, reply'd he, I suppose you are some Cardinals Nephew, that come hither to make your self merry, I wish you good diversion.

I made no delay in taking my leave, but packing up my heels, I paſſed away with all ſpeed imaginable; I had not gone ten ſteps before I overtook my honeſt Proteſtant *Capuchin*, who tarried for me. And now Sir, ſaid he, you ſhall ſee enough of *Purgatory* before we part; if you will but retain the memory of that equal Conſtitution which carried you through all the Climates of the World; for *Purgatory* is not ſuch a maſs of Fire laid in Piſs, as ſome imagine it; or ſuch a Fire as *Philip the Second* of *Spain* burnt 150 Proteſtants in at one time; nor ſuch hot fire as was uſed in Q. *Maries* days; but this Labaratory of the Pope is compoſed of the Quinteſſence of the four Elements, of the Blas or Air, and Glaſs of Water, *&c.* but follow me.

I knew not which way to turn, and therefore was contented to go along with him; although the place we were already in was exceeding hot, for we walked up to the ankles in ſcalding aſhes, and our backs were ſcorched as if three Suns had ſhin'd upon us at the ſame, although the place was very dusky, for we had a mouſ-coloured Firmament:

mament: The noiſe was various and diſmal, but after a ſmall time, I began to diſtinguiſh what I heard; for I could hear at ſome diſtance a fellow crying out in a lamentable tone. *All ye that paſs by, and enter in, take Pity of me, and of your ſelves too:* I could not well underſtand his meaning, and therefore drawing nearer him, I perceived that he was loaden with a great Cheſt, which with the heat and burden did infinitely perplex him; he lookt like an old Officer of the *Gothes* and *Vandals*; there was noth ng regular about him but his hat, which was a *Duodecaldrum*, and no ill model of the Fortifications of *Maeſtricht*; In the the name of the Pope, ſaid I, what art thou? What, ſaid he, a poor Rogue, who not having the fear of the Pope before mine eyes, feloniouſly and Jeſuitically did take, ſteal, and carry away this Cargo of Relicts at the Plunder of a Religious houſe in *Alſatia*; and for my puniſhments do bear the Burden of theſe venerable Antiquiquities, which amount to 200 weight. I ſhould be freed from this torment if I could

could but procure the owners of them a Sum of Money in exchange of them. Well, said I, let me see them, if there be any thing considerable, I will be the Chapman; with that he very readily gave me a sight of them. Here is, said he, a Bowl of Curds and Cream made of the Milk of St *Luke's* Cow: here is *Julius Cæsar's* Nut-croom: here are the Shoes in which St *Ignatius* went bare-foot to *Jerusalem*; here is the *Os sacrum* of one of the 11000 Virgins. Those are all common, said I. Are they so, reply'd he, Well then here is half a pound of the *Chaos*, (and then he lookt big.) This said I, is but indifferent. No, Sir, said he, pray Sir have a little patience. Finally, here is the Horshoe of the Horse, that begot the Mare, that Foal'd the Foal, that was the Horse, that brought the man, that saw the man, that saw our Lady of *Loretto's* Chappel fly from *Judea* into *Italy*.

Truly friend (said I) this is a Horshoe of quality; Oh! Sir (cry's he) it is renowned for doing many Miracles, and performing sundry feats of activity; it will fetch, and Carry, and Jump over

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a ſtick for the Pope, 'tis the very firſt Horſhoe that ever kept Witches out of an houſe, and (to the Immortal honour of this Horſhoe) the Grand Seignior by the advice of the *Mufti* hath Commanded, that all the Tabacco-ſtoppers in his Dominions ſhould wear the ſign of this Horſhoe: nay there was a talk in the *Divan* that the Imperial half-moon ſhould be abrogated.

He would have gon on half an hour longer in the tradition of this utenſile, had not I interrupted him by asking him how it came firſt to be revealed to the World: it was (replyed he) firſt diſcovered by a Jeſuit, who endeavouring to find a way to *China* by land, and travelling through a Sandy deſart in the Eaſtern parts of *Tartary*, he (to his great comfort) eſpied as he thought a Hors-footing; when as to his greater amazement he over took this poor Horſhoe all alone, from which there came a voice which asked him the way to the *Holy Land*; the holy Father wondred at the zeal of it, and after he had given thanks to the Seven Champions, under whoſe protection he had

had travelled thus farr, he resolved to return, thinking that he had now an opportunity of gaining more then by the conversion of the *Chinois*; to be short, instead of directing it to *Jerusalem*, he brought it with him into *Flanders*; where the people paid it great veneration, and him a great deal of money for his pains.

I burst into excessive laughter at this long, and Impertinent storie of an Horshoe; and turning to the *Capuch.* Father (said I) The Jesuits will certainly render themselves very contemptible, and Ridiculous, by attempting to impose upon the World after so grosa manner.

You are mistaken (replyed the *Capuchin.*) they do not go about to cheat all the World into a belief of these fooleries, these are litle tricks of Legerdemain to Cajole the Rabble; they have Articles of Faith of all sorts, and sizes, and fitted to the Fancies, Humours, and Tempers of all sorts of men: for themselves they have delicate, curious, metaphorical Articles; Kings and Princes may have what they please, only

ly they must believe them to be their friends, from the pious Soliloqiues of *Ignatius Loyola*, *Cavete vobis Principes.* Now for Grandees, and Ministers of State they have Articles of great moment, as for example, that the French King has a Title to the Empire; (And I believe that he will rob the Pope of that considerable Article of Vniversal Monarch in short time:) Now for those Roman Catholicks, who are of honester principles, and who have declared that they detest their morals and practices, or are ignorant of them; they let them believe what they please (tho' we should not trust them to do what they might) only the superstitious Ignorant Rout, the *Inepta Turba*, as they call them, are cheated into a belief of those lying wonders.

Father (said I) these devices may secure their Interests in *R. C.* Dominions, but what will they signify in Protestant Countries, where the people are incensed against them? Oh Sir (said he) do not you know that if a Jesuit is designed for *England*, he lays aside the Habit of his Order, and not only so, but he walks every day in a different dis-

disguise: so 'tis with their stratagems they are varied according to the several opinions, humours and Interests of men, and still designed to the same main end (the advancement of their society) they have not made so many different Articles of Faith in all Europe as they have made Schisms and Heresies in *England* (I had like to have forgot *Scotland.*) Now as those comely Articles I before mentioned are grounded upon Interest and superstition, so are all the Heresies of great *Brittain*, which destroy the Church of *England*, as the other maintains the Church of *Rome*; only with this difference, that the superstition of those goodly people, who call themselves Protestants, is more Fatal to the ruine of the one, then the superstition of the Papists is able to uphold the other; nay the violence of your Reforming zeal in the late Wars was such that all the ages of the World cannot parallel its extravagancies. *Cromwel* understood this so well, that it was the first thing he did after he had received a Commission from the Earl of *Essex*, to enflame his Soldiers with this Diabolical valour

valour, by which whil'ſt they thought they fought the *Lords*, they fought his Battles, to the ruine of their Properties, as well as their Princes Prerogative. But you ſhall farther underſtand this, when we come into a place of *Purgatory* called *Puritania.*

Whilſt the *Capuchin* was thus diſcourſing, the Fellow, who ſhew'd us thoſe forenamed Rarities, held a Scrole in his hand, which the *Capuchin* took from him and opened: The Title was, *The Solemn Leagne and Covenant.* As ſoon as ever I ſaw it, I trembled, as if I had been brought before the Committee for the unpardonable Crime of being Fatherleſs and Motherleſs; What are you afraid of cries the *Capuchin?* here, take hold of it, 'twill not bite you; the Sting is out, and the Venom of it is diſcovered; Why, Sir, ſaid I, is it venemous? Ay, quoth the *Capuchin*, 'tis the ſtrongeſt Poyſon that 'ever was compoſed in *France*; whoever took it immediately run mad, and bit and worried all thoſe that endeavoured to recover them to their right minds; and when a great number had been poſſeſſed, and want-

ed oppoſers, then they devoured one another; and if this fellow would but give you as good an account of it as he has done of the Horſhoe, 'twill prove the talleſt Relict by the head and ſhoulders; 'twould poſe 40 confounded lying Jeſuits, and as many Tub-preachers to tell all the pranks it hath played in the World; it hath done more miſchief than all the Earthquakes that ever happened; for although one of them once ovethrew 12 Cities in a night, this overthrew three Kingdom in a day; it has occaſioned all the Villanies, publick Murders, Plots, Conſpiracies, Confederacies that have been in the World; and yet in every age it has appeared in different ſhapes, like the Devil, who they ſay firſt learnt to turn himſelf into an Angel of light by it: Some are of opinion that *Ovid* ſtole ſome of his *Metamorphoſis* from it, and do confidently affirm that the armed men that ſprung from the Serpents teeth, which *Cadmus* had ſowed, were *Levellers*; 'tis impoſſible to tell all that it hath done in ſo remote ages of the World: But to come nearer our times, in the year 1619. the

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Bohemians raised Arms, made a Godly Covenant, the same in substance with the *Scotish*, by men of the same humour with our *Presbyterians*, had the same ends to take away the Bishops Lands; but what was the consequence of that War? The zealous party were utterly undone and confounded that began that War with the Emperor, to take away the Bishops Lands, which they accounted the Flesh and Bones of the Whore of *Babilon*. What think you of the *Holy League* in *France*, as they called it, wherein the *Guisian* Faction was supported by the Pope, King of *Spain*, and Duke of *Savoy*? Pray who were the chief Agents in that Rebellion, but the Priests and Jesuits, who then managed the *Spanish* Interest, because that King was then the eldest Son of the Church? what was the design of it but the Alteration of the Government of *France*, the destruction of the Royal Family, and the enlarging the Popes Authority? What were the effects of this holy War but unnatural and cruel Murders and Slaughters, irreconcileable Hatreds, the ruine and deso-

lation of that most flourishing Kingdom? How mad and sottish was their Zeal, when in their holy fortitude they destroyed those very Altars for which they fought? and what was the final consequence, but the Murder of their natural Prince by the hands of *Jaques Clement*, and the Slavery of the People? nay after *Henry the Fourth* had quieted *France*, and thought by Kindness and Compliance to have gained his Enemies, as well as he had secured his Friends, how did they requite him by the hands of *Ravilliac*? Now for this *solemn League and Covenant*, 'tis the very Brat of that Holy League; 'tis as like the Daddy as ever it can look; it has the same pretty cloven foot, and the same pretty little *Roman* nose; for what difference was there betwixt the 16 Tribunes, and Council of 40 in *Paris*, under the League and D. of *Mayenn*, and *Oliver*'s little Parliament? had it not the same design? the same Agents? the effects of it will not soon be forgotten: Did not we lose as great and good a Prince as ever *France* had? I am sure the people

ple of *England* had so lost their Liberty and Property under those *Massionello's* they had set up, that it was great mercy and clemency that they recovered it under their lawful Prince. Now what ingratitude? What a spirit of Jesuitism is there in those people, who go about to ruine him, as they did his Father of blessed Memory? Did not the late troubles begin with base and scandalous Libels? were not the people filled with unreasonable fears and jealousies? were they not enraged with furious Phrensies, and an undistinguishing mad Zeal, wherein, like Mad men, they destroyed their best Friends, and truest Benefactors? and went about to avoid Popery, as melancholy men do hanging, by strangling themselves for fear of it. The Lord *Digby*, in a Speech in Parliament against Petitions of the Rabble against Bishops, tells the House, *That instead of a Bishop in every Diocess, they would have a Pope in every Parish.* I am sure they either had a Jesuit, or one of his appointing. The *Scots* accused the King of Popery, and at the

very ſame time called in the French by a Letter to that King, for which *London* was impriſoned. Now may not any man in the World (cries the *Capuchin*) think that the Doctrine of this Godly Covenant (holding it up) is purely Popiſh and Jeſuitical? it has the perfect Mein and air of the French, and if I be not miſtaken, 'tis the very hand-writing of Cardinal *Richlieu*. (a man that will turn the Kingdom of Darkneſs into a Commonwealth, if the Jeſuits do but aſſiſt him) Do not you think that the people of *England* have a great deal of reaſon to admire *French Commodities*? are not they mightily beholding to them for revealing a Charm of that power, and of thoſe good qualities by vertue of its purity? is it not a ſtrange thing that Epiſcopal men, *aliæs* Malignants, ſhould deſpiſe this poor little *in nomine Domini*, which hath done ſo many Miracles, that if I ſhould tell you all of them, you would conclude that the Horſhoe is no more to compare to it, then *Tom Thumb* is to the *Great Mogul*? This had to do with a bigger thing than the Lady of *Loretto's* Chappel, for it turned

St *Pauls*

St *Pauls* Church into a Stable (as the Jesuits afterwards turned it into Ashes) a Horshoe does but keep Witches out, but this found them out, and hanged whole Conventicles of them together: On the other hand 'twas a good Preservative against hanging and sequestration; If a man did but take it fasting and praying, he presently found himself in a good fat Benefice, or some other profitable Employment; and immediately after, all his hair came off, his head was as round as a Globe, which you know is an Hieroglyphick of Sovereignty; it could raise Armies and Taxes; sometimes for diversion it cured four or 5000 men of all diseases in one day; once upon a brave warm evening it did a pretty trick. What was that, said I? What, quoth he, it turned a Quaker and a Mare into a Centaure; it's impossible for me to relate all its exploits; but do not you imagine that it smells of Brimstone? No, said I, but it has a kind of Haut-Goust, with being kept too long. But why do you fancy that it stinks of Brimstone? Why, said he, because it will split a Six-pence, that is, it

divides the Effigies on the one side from the Arms on the other. I do not understand your meaning, Father, said I. No saith he, do not you know that it distinguisheth betwixt the Authority and the Person of the Prince? Ay, Sir, said I, but can any man imagine that half a Sixpence is a Sixpence? No, quoth the *Capuchin*. What is it then, said I, a Threepence? No, said he, 'tis nothing but a dead piece of Silver, and so if the Authority could be separate from the Prince, then he is but as another man; but this Authority is derived immediately from God, and all the World cannot put them asunder which God have joyned together; and if he that Clip, Split, or Deface the Kings Coin (which is the emblem of his Power and Goodness) is guilty of Treason, surely he that by such false and dangerous Positions endeavours to deface the sacred character of Majesty, is a Traytor, and so are all they who took this *Covenant*, and do not from the bottom of their hearts renounce it.

Well, well, Father, said I, all good men are abundantly satisfied with the truth of

of what you ſay, concerning this Poſition; but to me it does not only ſeem very dangerous, but very ridiculous; is it poſſible that ſo many men ſhould be gull'd by ſuch a piece of Equivocal nonſenſe, to venture Lives and Fortunes, Soul, and Body and all? that men to avoid Popery ſhould ſhelter themſelves under the very firſt Principle of Jeſuitiſm? but pray let us have no more of it. Yes, replies the *Capuchin*, I will only tell you the reaſon why it prevail'd ſo much upon the Rabble of *England* in 2 or 3 more of its Pranks; it taught the Beggar to ride the great Horſe; it put Tinkers and Coblers into the chief Offices and Dignities, and turned the whole Kingdom topſie turvie; and they ſay the *Junto* reſolved once upon an Order, that Women ſhould go on their heads; Theſe are the Feats this little *French* relict has plaid: All the Wine in *France* could not do much; for that will only make men drunk, but this made them mad, and was very binding about the *Rump*.

The *Capuchin* and I were ſo buſie in diſcourſe, that we did not regard three

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or four modiſh fellows dancing and curvetting about us, as if the heat of the ground had taught them their Honors, as *Banks* did his Mare; until one of them interrupted us by deſiring to look on the *Covenant*, which the *Capuchin* held in his hand: As ſoon as he had it, he turned to his Companions; and look ye here, cries he, this is *A-la-mode de France*; 'tis mightily *Embaraſſe*, cries a ſecond. Are not theſe *Engliſh* men, Father, ſaid I? I had no ſooner askt the queſtion, but he that had the Scrole in his hand, threw it down, and in the greateſt Paſſion imaginable, *Engliſh*, cries he! I hate the very name, I had rather have a *French* Diſeaſe than *Engliſh* Health. Then lifting up his eyes, Hencefoward the Fates and I are eternal foes for deſtining my birth in ſo unmannerly a Climate: Why was not I a *F.* Dog, rather than an *Engliſh* man? who (continues he) talks of nothing but old faſhioned Honor, Virtue, and Renown; the *French* alone are the gay and gentile People of the Age, and to whom alone the World is ſo much indebted for that great Charter of liberty granted the

Senſes.

Senſes. I am ſo angry with my Country, cries a ſecond, that I ſpent my *Engliſh* Eſtate in *France*, and was reſolved not to enjoy any thing in *England*, but what I could get by force: For my part, cry'd the third, there is nothing ſo much troubles me as their Laws, which were they put in execution, there would be no living for men of our quality among them.

At this I askt the *Capuchin* what they were, who told me that they were *Highwaymen*, *Hectors*, and *Ranters*.

Theſe are a ſort of people, whom the Jeſuits by their excellent Morals, have made as fit for their purpoſes, as the other were by their furious and precipitated Zeal; whilſt they are in the height of their Debaucheries they are utterly diſabled from doing any publique good or ſervice; for the little ſtratagems of Wenching and Drinking are more conſiderable with them than all real Worth and Generoſity; and they think a *French* Shrug, or a modiſh Oath the very perfection of Human Nature: Now when they have conſumed their Eſtates, and a diſgraceful want forces them to retirement,

ment and conſideration; a deep diſcontent ſucceeds their Intemperance, and baſe reſolutions of living upon the ſpoils of other mens Goods are the conſequence of embezling their own: If things be peaceable and quiet, then they diſturb none but thoſe that travel the Road; but if there happen to be any publique diſcontents or diviſions in the Kingdom, then without either conſideration of Religion, or Loyalty, they will be very ready to improve them according as they ſhall ſuppoſe them conducing to their private ends; but we have had examples enough of this nature. Pray let us hear what this man has a mind to ſay.

With that I obſerved a perſon applying himſelf to me, and after reſpects done; You ſeem to be offended, Sir, ſaid he, with what theſe three ingenious Gentlemen have ſpoken; but could you lay aſide your natural Prejudice, or had you their Education, you would be of their mind.

I know that all men have a pleaſing Veneration for the place of their Birth, and think well of their own Country, be

be it never ſo wild and barren; and of their native Cuſtoms and Manners, be they never ſo rude and inſipid; and the Familiarity of thoſe who firſt knew us, and were acquainted with our Innocency, is excuſable; there are thoſe, who when they have nothing to be proud of, will be proud upon the publick account; and there are men in the World that think *Edinburgh* as good a City as *London*, and thoſe that think *London* as good as *Paris*, the experiment has been tryed upon *Indians*, who could never be complimented out of their Barbariſm by the beſt uſages of a civiliz'd place, but have returned with an eager joy to their primitive naſtineſs.

Sir, ſaid I, I perceive what you aim at, and do moſt humbly thank you in the name of my Country, for the obliging ſimilitude; I ſuppoſe that you deſign about the next Full of the Moon, that the *Engliſh* ſhould be Cannibals; you may have read the Character a pitiful *French* Pedant gave the World of us ſome few years ago, in return of an affront done by ſome fooliſh Boys; and this

this is no new trick of the Jeſuits and R. Prieſts, they reproached us in *Conſtantinople*, in King *James*'s time, until the *Turks* were ready to knock them on the head for their pains, being convinc'd that they were a pack of defaming Raſcals; they have had the impudence and vanity to *Burleſque* our moſt ſolmn and publick tranſactions of State, as if the People of *England* ſhould go into *Flanders* to learn to ſpeak *Engliſh*; I am ſure they will never ſpeak well of us, or give us that Character, which is due to any National virtue or Excellency. In the year 1594. one *Bozius Eugubinus*, a Prieſt, wrote a Book againſt *Machiavel*, entituled, *De Robore Bellico*, and dedicated it to *Clement the Eighth*, wherein he reckons up and magnifies famous Exploits of Chriſtian Princes; but not a word of the *Engliſh*. I ſuppoſe he had forgot the buſineſs of 88. or perhaps he thought it an heretical Trick. The Jeſuits occaſioned the late Wars in *England*, and were inſtrumental in the greateſt villanies of them, and yet one of them in a Book entituled, *Floſculi Hiſtorici*, concludes with the Mur-

der

der of the King. I queſtion whether he did ſo much deteſt the Fact, as glory to tell it to our ſhame.

Ye may thank your ſelves, Sir, reply'd he, ye were a brave and generous People, before your revolt from the Church of *Rome*, but ſince that ye degenerate from the antient Spirit and Gallantry of your Progenitors.

In what pray Sir, ſaid I? I believe there has been as great Examples, I ſay as many, and more examples of Valour, and Learning ſince the days of *Henry the Eighth*, as there was in all the time between his Reign and *William the Conquerors*, and that the Jeſuits know very well; and although they poſſeſs their Proſelites with an opinion of their ſingular Learning and Parts, above all Orders of men, yet the Church of *England* is able to match them in any good Knowledge; and our two Univerſities have train'd up as great Scholars as all their Seminaries put together. Therefore ſince they cannot Baffle us openly, they go about to ruine us ſecretly, by propagating Enthuſiaſtical opinions, fitted

fitted to the natural Pride and Ignorance of the common people.

I had a great deal more to ſay upon this Subject, but the man broke out into ſo violent a Paſſion, that if he had not ſpoken, his noſe would have bled, and therefore looking very ſternly upon me, I tell you Sir, ſaid he, the *Engliſh* are grown very barbarous and ſavage, and ſince the Reformation are dwindled into Baboons, and were the truth known, are born with Tails, and cannot ſee until they are nine days old: They were a gallant people when they were the Children of *Rome*; but now the French are only *A-la-Mode* in Religion and Manners, and to them ſeem as Gods that dropt from Heaven, and rebound on the Earth ever ſince.

I made bold to think that this man was either a Jeſuit or a Devil, that could ſo ſuddenly alter the ſhape of his Diſcourſe, and from a wheedling Harange fall immediately into a ſcurrilous Invective: Nor was I much miſtaken, for the *Capuchin* ſeeing my briſles riſe, and mouth open, and abundance of anger juſt at my tongues end, was reſolved to

ſet

set me on more fiercely, by telling me that he was Commissioned by the Jesuits to propagate the Gospel of *Ignatius* his 24 *Evangelists*, which contains excellent Systems of Robbing, Plundering, and Cutting throats after the newest Fashion; the most accomplisht methods of Rebellion and Sedition, grounded upon Principles of *Atheism* and *Libertinism*, which joined to superstitious fears and jealousies, occasioned all those late Troubles that turned the greatest part of *England* into a Wilderness, and too many of the Inhabitants into Owls and Dragons; for there is none so fit to be a Captain to Rebels, as he that has been a Thief; and none more ready to alter the Government and Customs of his Country than he that too fondly admires those of other Nations. Thus they endeavor to render the people of *England* odious and contemptible to all the World, and to make them out of love with themselves, they report there is nothing left among them since the Reformation but what belonged to the *Picts* and *Druids*; that they are Changlings and Fairies, and do nothing but nip *R. C.* all

night long; and therefore 'tis they look upon them with leſs eſteem than the *Spaniards* did upon the *Cannabals*, whom they deſtroyed with Guns; and the *Engliſh* eſcaped pretty narrowly from their Gunpowder: And is it not a ſtrange thing that after the defeat of ſo many Stratagems they ſhould go about to take them, as we do Monkies, by laying *French* Habits and Manners to wear.

Pray Father, ſaid I, I know no juſt Reaſon that the Jeſuits have to be ſuch reſtleſs Enemies to the *Engliſh*, unleſs it be that they are lately out of love with Martyrdom. Muſt we be damn'd by *Bell Book and Flambeaux*, and all and every one of us ram'd into a Gun, becauſe we do not date our houſes *Stilo Novo?* as if an Almanack could not be true unleſs it has directions from the Corns on Pope *Gregory*'s Infallible Toe? Muſt we be utterly aboliſhed for a pack of Heretical Clowns, becauſe we don't make legs to old Clouts?

No, no, reply'd the *Capuchin*, 'tis not for any thing of this nature; 'tis becauſe ye do not tread Gentilely, but ye walk ſo ſlovenly over Abby Lands; and they would

wou'd ſhow you how to move more neatly, if you would be pleaſed to let them dance an Eccleſiaſtical Jig called a *Proceſſion*. Truly Father, ſaid I to the *Capuchin*, I always thought that the differences between the People of *England* and the Church of *Rome*, had been grounded upon material Points of Doctrine; I little thought their could be ſuch irreconcileable Feuds upon ſuch trivial accounts as you juſt now mentioned; I thought the rooting out a peſtilent Hereſie had been the great buſineſs; or the Converſion of us from damnable Errors (as they account them) had been the main end of their Zeal and Induſtry; and yet methinks they go about by indirect means infinitely different from thoſe methods that were uſed in the firſt Ages of Chriſtianity; wherein we meet with no ſuch Caſuiſts as the Angelical Order of Jeſuits afford; we find no Learned Apologies for the neweſt Faſhions; they never Preach'd down Idolatry, or any other prevailing ſin, by Preaching up Libertiniſm and Immorality: Poor ignorant old faſhioned Souls, they did not know

the modish distinction betwixt *Cæsar* and his Authority: they never had the heart to encourage men to Robbery and Sedition as Captain *Ignatius* his Disciples have, who seem rather of the Society of *Barabbas*, then of *Jesus*; as for the Primitive Christians, they had not half the Policy the Jesuits have, nor had they the Compendious way of Conversion; what a world of Christians did Jesuits make in a short time in the *Western Indies*, among the most savage *Americans*? whose Blood they mingled with the Waters of *Baptism*, contrary to the opinion of the *Dominicans*; that [the Inhabitants should be reduced by Preaching and without violence] but the Jesuits find this latter a quicker way, for they think there is no such Argument as Gunpowder, and no such Preaching as with Ammunition; and although it be not according to the old way, yet 'tis the more modish, and infallible way; and used by the Infallible and holy Pope *Size Cinq*; (in the days of Queen *Elizabeth*) who thought that Religion might be propagated by a kind of *Back Gammon*, as Military Discipline is by *Chess*.

The

The *Capuchin* and I had talkt away the Jesuit and his Companions, and were all alone at the foot of a hill like that of *Vesuvius* in the Kingdom of *Naples*; our feet were parched with the hot scalding Sands, and therefore we made haste to the top of it, which gave us a prospect of most of the Regions of *Purgatory*; we could see at a distance, and in dusky Vallies, some Cities built like those in *Africa*; so that every house seemed a Prison, and a place of Penance: Then sandy, and black Desarts, and Wildernesses over-run with Scorpions, & Serpents: beyond them a mighty Ocean of *Salt Peter*, which roared and belched continual Flames, as if Thunder and Lightning had been turned topsie-turvy; on the other hand lay a deep, and profound Valley, like a Sea of Darkness, which was bounded with exceeding high Mountains, vomiting Flames of different colours, which gave no certain Light. The whole *Horizon* was perpetually moistned with a Burning-pricking Dew, as if the Firmament had sweat with heat. I presently concluded that it is a great deal worse to be

sent to this place, than to be transported to the *Barbadoes*; and yet I was resolved to pass over it, if possible; with that I began to descend the Hill, but the *Capuchin* stopt me, and told me that my haste had like to have hindred me of the sight of some things very remarkable. See you not, says he, yonder stately *Cupola* on your left hand? 'tis the abode of those who neither perfectly merited Heaven, or deserved the Torments of *Purgatory*; and there they must stay for a short time, until they are better provided for by the Pope, for they were Martyrs of State, more than of Religion; and although the one is as considerable in the *Roman Church* as the other, yet those persons were deprived of the Honor allotted them, both because they did not succeed in the execution of their designs for the interests of *Rome*, whose Motto is, *Prosperum scelus virtus vocatur.*

Therefore, as some Popes have lost the Honor of Infallibility by being often surprized in their Judgments; so those are not the perfectest Saints, because they unfortunately, or indiscreetly

ly managed those Works of Supererrogation.

We were now just entring a Gatehouse, which had on the top a great many Skulls, fixed upon high Poles, and at some distance I observed a great number of people about Corps which had been quarter'd, and were stitcht together again; some wept over it, others dipt their Handkerchiefs in the Blood that issued from it, and all devoutly attended it to a stately Building just before us; as I came nearer I thought I heard a *Requiem* sung, as it were by dying Ecchoes, and the Bells rang out a melancholy *Gloria*; I thought too that we had entred the *Pantheon* in *Rome*, for all round about there stood a great many Persons in such fixt Postures with burning Tapers in their hands, that they lookt like Statua's; whilst I was gazing about me, there opened as it were a Scene at some distance, and discovered *Ignatius Loyola* in a Chair of Estate. He was attended with several eminent Cardinals, but amongst them none more busie than Cardinal *Gudiccion* the Jesuits first Patron; at the back of the Chair stood three or four Popes with

their Triple Crowns pull'd over their eyes, and very much out of humour, for the encroachments the Jesuits daily make upon their Successors by reason of those extraordinary Priviledges they had granted them. I did not as yet certainly understand what was to be done in this place, and therefore I askt the *Capuchin*, who bid me have a little patience, and I should presently know; and withal askt me if I knew whose Pictures those were that were hung upon the Pillars; with that I looked more wishly upon them, and told him that I thought they were the Resemblances of *Guido Faux*, *Campian*, *Garnet*, and of some others. They are so, said he, and although they were Rebels and Traitors in *England*, yet the change of air made them Saints instantly, and they were Canonized in this place for what they were Hanged, Drawn, and Quartered in another, and you shall see the same trick done imediately. He had no sooner done speaking, but the Corps, I spoke of before, being laid on a stately Altar in the Center of the *Rotonda*, St *Ignatius*, the Popes and Cardinals attending, arose up, and after a Consort of loud Musick, like that which

was

was uſed at the adoration of *Nebuchadnezzar*'s Image, they unanimouſly cry'd out all, *Hail St.* Coleman *junior:*) after this Sentence his Body became all Relicts, and about his head the badge of Saintſhip began to dawn; and he had the honour to be firſt Canoniz'd, for it was much to their ſatisfaction that he died a Martyr: but I did not know the reaſon why he was ſtiled *St. Coleman* jun. until the *Capuchin* told me that there was another of that name at *Melk* in *Auſtria.*

After he was diſpatched, there was a Scrole delivered into the hands of *Ignatius Loyola*, which they ſaid contained the Merits of Father *Pickering.* I could not get a ſight of them; but you may eaſily gheſs at them in a froſty morning. The Aſſembly was long debating his Caſe: but the reſult of all was, that he had rendred himſelf uncapable of Saintſhip by his ſilly Bargain; for, ſaid they, if inſtead of 30000 Maſſes he had agreed for 30000 Crowns, he had been as good a Saint as ever piſt, but the want of ſo many Maſſes ſuppoſe him a Sinner; and he ſuppoſeth himſelf imperfect, until they are ſaid in his behalf. Upon which

en-

enquiry was made how many had been ſaid; and when it could not be proved that the one half had been ſaid, the Father was put into ſuch a Conſternation, that in deſpair he proteſted he had better have taken the *Scots* 30000 pounds, or rather than fail, *Judas* his 30 Pence, and ſo away he ſneakt.

Nor had Councellor *Langhorn* any better ſucceſs, for after his caſe was opened, and a Jury of Saints impanneld; the Verdict was, That his dying a Martyr had utterly diſinabled him from being a Saint; and that if he had ſo well pleaded his caſe as to have ſaved his life and the credit of the good old Canſe, his merits would then have made him worthy of the moſt Splended Canonization that ever the Church of *Rome* ſaw, and a day of Jubile had bin inſtituted for his ſake. But now his *Mittimus* was made, and He thrown ore the Bar to make rome for Three of the Popes Bum-bailifs, *Green*, *Hill*, and *Bury*; at the ſight of them the whole Aſſembly was ſtupified with ſo ſudden grief, that there was a Profound ſilence for a time, untill the Eloquent

Sant-

Santarillo aroſe from his ſeat, and in the name of his Order gave them thanks for their zeal, which was very agreable to his Doctrine, but not ſo prudent and ſucceſsfull as He could wiſh; with that He lifted up his hands, and his Eyes ſtood Cock't like triggers to his tongue, which at laſt flew out with theſe violent, and pathetical Expreſſions.

"Oh ye Stars! and Deſtinies! "ye Fates! and thou great Goddeſs "Fortune, whom *Rome* and all our "World adore! by what ſtrang miſ-"carriages do we diſpoſe thee to be ſo "uncertain, and unkind to us? To us, "whom thou haſt Raiſed to the higheſt "Mountains of Hopes and given the "Proſpect of Three moſt glorious King-"domes? To us, who have fallen down "to thee to our Ruin, and worſhipp-"ed thee to our deſtruction? Is our "and thy power limited with the "bounds of thoſe unfortunate Iſlands, "which by how much the nearer they "ſeem, are by ſo much the farther off? "We ſeem in reality to have poſſeſt "them, but to have loſt them in a dream.

"Were

" Were we ſecure beyond all fears on-
" ly to be defeated beyond all hopes?
" Or haſt thou ſhown the uttermoſt of
" thy favour, and diſpleaſure in one
" moment, and perverted the Order of
" thy unkindneſs in us; who fell dia-
" metrically from the Zenith of Hap-
" pineſs and Enjoyment to the Nadir
" of miſery and loſs? Doth the ſame
" Propheſie reach our, and the *Turkiſh*
" Empire (whoſe outmoſt Extent is
" foretold, to be the *German* Ocean)
" Our Empire (I ſay) which by our
" Religion, and Traffick we have ex-
" tended, to both the *Indias* and bound-
" ed with both the *Poles*? Or is that
" other World Guarded by a more
" mighty Power then thine, which on-
" ly permits our deſigns to be ripe for
" our deſtruction? Which confuted our
" Infallible Armada in the very Haven,
" and diſſolved into tunefull, Squibs,
" and Harmonious Crackers thoſe migh-
" ty Magazins of deſtruction, which
" were ſufficient and ready to annihilate
" Three Kingdomes at one blow, and
" make them more another Chaos then
" another World.

" Which

"Which have confounded, and "brought to nought our last prepar- "ations and contrivances, the *Compen-* "*dium* of all our former Projects in "which we have made our most Pow- "erful Attempts by Engaging all our "Interests in Earth, Heaven, and Hell.

The Audience observing that this Rhetorician had not half vented himself, and being desirous of plainer Termes, the whole discovery of the Plot was Related, (as we have it by publick Authority) *Nemine Contradicente* (for the Jesuits like Devils beleive what they would not have the World know,) but when mention was made of Sir *Edmund Bury-Godfry*'s being carried off on Hors-back, of his being discovered by a dark Lanthorn, and of the miscarriag of the Consecrated Gun: *Ignatius L.* Himself Beckned to the Audience, who were attentive to hear him; and since his Disciples the Jesuits have wrote so many Panegyricks to his Honour, and Renown, and do magnifie him as the greatest Exampl'e of Piety and Learning; I here give

you

you an instance of both in his Speech which was to this effect.

My most Beloved.

Concerning Horsmanship I can say but little, being in the days of my Humility but a poor Foot Soldier; but my Speech at present shall consist of two things, to wit of Guns, and Darklanthorns.

" Truly as for Darklanthorns, they " do most properly belong to deeds " of darkness, ever since the People, that " came along with *Judas*, had them, " and therefore it was a great mistake " in these Gentlemen to make use of " one; they might have taken example " from *Guido Faux*, who had better " have taken *Will in the Wispe* for his " Guid, for that betrayed him; and to " prevent the like inconvenicney for " the future, I do ordain that all my " Disciples for ever after wear a little " Wild-fire in their Pockets (I mean " some composition fit to take fire) " with a small tinderbox, for what is

" there

" there that does greater things then
" Fire? for as Pope *Urban* the Fifth ſaid
" of the *Agnus Dei* which he ſent the
" Emperor (A little will do as much
" good as all of it.) Therefore having
" this in one pocket, and your Knives
" well whetted in another, according
" to thoſe orders I have given you, I
" think they will be ſafe enough; for
" as for Guns, there is no need that ye
" carry them about you, for thoſe are
" ſilly weapons that cannot do half ſo
" much good as Gun-powder alone
" does; for that will kill many Thou-
" ſands at one Blow, nay on the o-
" ther hand, theſe Guns do miſcheiſe
" ever ſince the *Wild Arabs* and *In-*
" *dians* got them, for we cannot come
" at them to Blow them up, and there-
" fore they are upon even terms with
" us; nay moreover ſince thoſe *Arabs*
" got them, they endanger the Pilgrims
" going to *Jeruſalem*, and the Caravan
" to *Mecha*, ſo that they do much hin-
" der all Religion, nor do they pro-
" mote ours; for if the Heretiques care
" not far our Canons, what will they
" care for our Guns? of what ſtand-
" ing

" ing they are I cannot well tell, but the " word *Bombard* denotes them to be " very antient; for *Bombard* comes " from *Lombard*, and that from *Longo-* " *bard*, and that is, ye know, old Time.

As ſoon as this learned ſpeech was ended, the *Capuchin* and I haſten'd out as faſt as we could (for the new Saints began to ſmell for all their Canonization) and ſo did others with us: for juſt as we were got into a back Court, a poor *Mendicant Fryer* who leaned on my ſhoulders (and whom I afterwards underſtood to be a *Janſeniſt*) cryed, What a Blunderbuz is this *Ignoramus Loyola?* I expected that He would have derived Salt-Peter from Saint *Peter*. 'Twas his fortune to be overheard by a Jeſuit, who frowning on him, after half a douzen well ſeaſon'd names of Rogue, Raſcal Vagrant, *&c.* How dare you (quoth He) affront the Founder of our moſt glorious Society? Do not you underſtand our Intereſts, and Quality in the World? Are not we the main Pillars of the Church? and what are you, but a com-

company of Eccleſiaſtical Tatterdemallions and Scarecrowes of the ſpiritual Harveſt, and the verie forlorn hope of the Church *Mendicant.*

He ſpoke this ſo paſſionately, that one of his own Order took particular notice of him, and therefore pulling him by the arm; good Sir (ſaid He) be a little more moderate, for what have we got by this way of Buffoonry? But to be juſtly wounded by our own Peiſon'd weapons, wherewith we have unjuſtly wounded the reputations of others (who in good earneſt are better Saints then any that were made to day) how ill does it become us to ſcoff, and deride the Poverty of this good *Ianſeniſt* (I ſay) that poverty, whereof we have made ſo ſolemn a vow? Can we hinder the World from takeing a juſt and particular account of that mans life and actions, of whom we have told ſo many prodigious, ſilly and Blaſphemous Lies? What have we got by our *Eaſt Indian* Miracles, but the repute of vain Impoſtors? Do you think that the World will not take eſpecial notice of us, who intermeddle with all

the concerns of it? Do you think that we may always Libel great and eminent Princes as our Education, or Natural diſpoſition leads us, without the imputation of Villains, who only deſerve a Satyr? or Aſſaſſin them without being accounted Traytors, who juſtly deſerve an Halter? No, no, Sir, theſe things will not do, unleſs we can alter the very Eſſence of Truth, or deprive thoſe you call *Hereticks*, of the advantages of Learning; all our moroſe Sanctity will prove in the end to be but Cruelty and Hypocriſie: as it was in thoſe Imps of ours the *Fanatical Rebels* of *England*: and whilſt we endeavor to eſtabliſh our particular Greatneſs, we ſhall ruine the Glory of the Church.

This was the honeſteſt Jeſuit that ever I heard ſpeak; and therefore I was reſolved to remember a Face that had ſo good a Tongue to it; but how ſtrangely was I ſurprized to meet with my old friend the Gentleman, whom we loſt at our firſt entrance into the Jeſuits Colledge? (and who was ſo cruelly vext for the Cheat they had put upon him in perſwading him to be buried in their Habit)

Habit) I perceived he was resolved to be even with them, for as soon as he saw me; Come Sir, said he, (taking me by the hand) you and I, and that honest *Capuchin*, will keep closer together for the future; and if you will follow me, (I think I cannot go amiss for the Jesuits are everywhere concerned) we shall meet with diversion enough. We went with him to a Back-gate, where stood a Guard to keep out a number of men, who were very desirous to get in; as soon as we came up to them, I was amazed to find *Milton* at the head of a company in short Cloaks, short hair, and with white Caps turn'd up under black ones: but before I could take particular notice of any one man, I was diverted by *Milton*, whom I observed to be very earnest with a Provincial of the Jesuits (who stood there to give orders) and because he was a man of singular Eloquence, I took a great deal of pains to hear what he said, which was to this effect: "May it please your Reverence "to consider how I am injured, who "am denied the honour which is so easi- "ly granted to men vastly beneath my

"Merits, and Deserts; for what can any
"man do for the promotion of your In-
"terests that I have not done? Did not
"I constantly attend your Consults, and
"observe your Orders? Did not I pro-
"mote the late Rebellion in *England* by
"all the Artifices Imaginable; by siding
"with the Malecontents and seditious
"Rabble, who wanted a man of my Parts
"and Learning to Gild their Treasons;
"with pompous pretences of Justice;
"and Reformation; and to urge them
"to greater Excesses? Did not I be-
"stow the best Flowers of Rhetorick
"for Garlands to adorn the heads of
"victorious Traytors, and triumphant
"Usurpers? and gave them a Coun-
"terfeit Majesty with the Roabs of Elo-
"quence? Were not the people gull'd
"to part with their Religion, and Pro-
"perty to those to whom I had given
"the glorious Titles of *Preservers of the*
"*Commonwealth, and Redeemers of their*
"*Liberty?* Have not I shaken the
"Crowns of Princes in that unparallel'd
"Book of mine against *Salmasius?* Have
"any of you Thundred against Monar-
"chy at that rate? No, not any of you;

not

" not *Baronius* himself, who called it an
" *Adulterine Name*, and *A Tower of* Babel;
" Well then do not I deserve?

He would have gone on, but that the Jesuit interrupted him, by telling him, That if he did still really wish the welfare of their Order, he would not desire such unreasonable Honours; for (continues he) suppose we should Canonize *Ravilliac* (a man mightily deserving) would not the World think us poor Politicians that should thus hazard the displeasure of the *French* Crown (whose friendship is our chief interest? and should we thus publickly declare to the World, that you and your Companions were very instrumental to the carrying on our designs, under the Notion of Commonwealthsmen, Nonconformists, *&c.* our old Game would be at an end; Have you not heard what ill success the way of Petitioning hath lately had? therefore we must desire you to rest your self contented for a while; and if ever the universal order of things come to our disposal, you shall not be forgotten; for we design to new model the

World, and to change the whole Frame of Government in our universal *Fifth Monarchy*; and then shall a different Character be put upon the transactions of these times, and what is now Vice, shall then be Virtue; the whole Body of Religion shall be transformed, and Heaven it self shall have a new Hypothesis.

But Sir, quoth he, What is it those Gentlemen pretend too that are behind you? (pointing to *Knox*, *Buchanon*, *Goodman*) I confess they have followed our Examples, and Principles; have been injurious to some Princes, and have troubled the Peace of some States; but upon what account you may know from *Marshal*, *Burgess*, and some others their reverend Successors, a Pack of Rascals so endued with Knavery, that any one of them would ruine a Monarchy for a good fat Sequestration; and some of them would hang a whole Parish for the Benefice; they are no friends to any Governments, or Communities, any longer then they are encouraged with the best Preferments in them; nor are they Enemies to any, but upon the account of

of their own private Intereſts; this is ſo true, that theſe very men, after they had bawled at Monarchy ſo long, that by the help of the Rabble they had brought all things into confuſion, and by that means had got their hands full of Sacrilegious Penniworths of Church and Crown Lands, they were very zealous to reſtore that Government in *Oliver*, which they had deſtroyed in the ruine of King *Charles*; and the Committee declared that the Perſon, not the Name, was diſpleaſing; and for the better ſecurity of what they had gain'd, and for the prevention of thoſe diſorders by which they had undone the Loyal Party; they who ſo long Canted upon the Priviledge and Birthright of every *Engliſhman*, enacted that none ſhould have Votes in Elections, but thoſe who were worth 200 Pounds: and therefore we will not truſt them any more than they will one another; and if they be not contented with the Reward they receive in this place for maintaining our Principles, and for being inſtrumental to our deſigns, we will ſend them back again to *Scotland*.

At this they all retreated very quietly; in the rear of them appeared *Hugh Peters*, whom, when the Jesuit saw, he crossed himself three or four times, and turning to us, There goes a fellow, cries he, that has so far outdone the Devil, that he hath been often about renouncing his old name, (*Nick*) for that of (*Hugh*) Oh! cries the *Capuchin*, that is an encroachment upon the Popes Prerogative (to change his name.) No, Sir, reply'd the Jesuit, he fears his friend *Nick Locryer* may take it ill.

As soon as they were gone, I askt the *Capuchin* if he knew whither they went; or what was their Reward; who told me that we were now very near *Puritania*, and that there I should be satisfied; in the mean time let us take a little diversion, for, cries he, that is a place of Business.

Although I was very desirous to see what became of those venerable Elders, yet because the *Capuchin* had promised that I should meet with them in their proper places, I was contented to follow him through a nasty stinking Lane (like that of *Whetstones Park*) which led to

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an old ruin'd Gate-houſe; o'er the *Portal*, was in Letters of *Azure* (*Orate pro Corporibus noſtris.*) As ſoon as we were come up, the *Capuchin*, turning to the Gentleman in diſguiſe, You Sir, ſaid he, muſt in this Habit procure us entrance into this place, which is the Region of Women: with whom the Jeſuits are the moſt prevailing men in the World; for beſides the great Priviledges they procure them in this place by allotting them eaſie Penances, and pleaſing pains, conſiſting only in the melancholy Remembrances of paſt Joys, which according to the Doctrine of their ſublimated *Alcoran*, ſhall laſt no longer than their Contemporary Lovers are fitted to go with them to Heaven: Pray whoever laid ſuch irreſiſtable Obligations upon the ſucceeding Sex? For whil'ſt poor Phlegmatick Northern Heretiques can extend their Uncatholique Fancies no farther than an *Indian* Gem, or ſometimes in the Dog-days make bold with a Star to expreſs their Perfections: They ſoar above the brighteſt excellency of Cherubims, and Seraphims, as you may read in that excellent *Canto* a Reverend Father ſent *Jeſ Mor.*

his

his incomparable *Delphina* (and which before 'tis ten years older will be *ad usum Sarum.*) But besides their accomplisht skill and knowledge of what will please them, they are not ignorant of any one thing that may terrifie or affright them: and this is very advantageous to them; for 'tis incredible what they gain from Superstitious, Hypocondriacal Widows of the *Roman* perswasion. And besides, this natural disposition in Women is very convenient to the carrying on any Fears or Jealousies they foment in those States where they intend a disturbance; and therefore when they expatiate themselves so freely in Commendation of the Eyes, Noses, and Lips of Women, they are very unkind and ungrateful to forget the Milt.

The Gentleman was all this while knocking at the Gate, which at last was opened by one who lookt like the Trull of a *Mamaluck*. What have we here, cry'd I, one of the Furies? No, no, quoth the *Capuchin*, 'tis Pope *Paulus Venetus*, which used to Paint himself, and desired to seem a Woman; he has only changed places with Pope *Joan*, who is gone

gone among the men; but you may obſerve that he has the Modeſty of a Woman, for he is aſhamed to be ſeen: And indeed it was not long before he was out of ſight, ſo that I was forced to divert my ſelf with other objects. The Place ſeemed a mighty large Park, encloſed with an exceeding high Wall, in which there was ſuch Variety, that it might be the Compendium of the whole World: Here was all ſorts of Climates, all Degrees of Heat and Cold fitted to the different Ages, and Conditions of Women, among whom none were ſo unkindly uſed to my thinking, as a number of pretty well complexioned Laſſes, who ſtood up to their Chins in Snow, and the tears that flow'd from their eyes dropt down in Icicles: I askt the reaſon of this extraordinary ſeverity, and the anſwer was, that they were thus puniſhed for loving *Hereticks*. I afterwards askt if there was no puniſhment for the Concubines of Prieſts, Cardinals, and Popes; but I was told, to my abundant ſatisfaction, that they were of Eccleſiaſtical Juriſdiction, that they had a Plenary Indulgence by reaſon of their Function,

Function, and many other Priviledges as being Spiritual Feme-Covert, and that being thus Eccleſiaſtically Humbled, they ought not to be Profan'd or Corrected by any outward Violence or Secular Authority. I was now got into a ſandy open Place, which was as immoderately hot, as the other was exceſſively cold, and yet for all that there was a great many Dutch Women ſet upon Stoves, until they were ſo ſmoakt, that a *Jew* would not touch them for fear of *Weſtphalia Hams*. I left this place (which was ſomewhat too hot for me) for one much more delightful, wherein were ſeveral rows of Trees ſet it Quincuncial order, which made very pleaſant and ſhady Walks, and refreſht with Chriſtallin Fountains; but in one thing it was extraordinary, and cut out all the Gardens in the World; for inſtead of Singing Birds the Boughs were loaden with whole Flocks of *Cupids*, who ſung a thouſand times better than Syrens, or Eunuchs, and made the Air as pleaſing to the Ear as it was with the richeſt Perfumes to the noſtrils. This is (cries the *Capuchin*) the moſt doleful place of all

all *Purgatory*; and yonder poor Solitary Lady is tormented beyond any thing you can expect; *Cupid* and *Death* both together ſhot their Arrows; and her very imagination is wounded with the indelible Idea of her beſt Beloved; for whoſe Body ſhe hath prayed more earneſtly, than ever he did for her Soul: ſee how ſuddenly ſhe is upon her knees, invoking his Tutelar Angel and Name-ſake Saint, to be kind to him; who is not like the Ancient Amoretto's engaged with Green Dragons, and Giants; but deſtroying Hereticks Men Women, and Children: or in the more dangerous exploits of Smoaking and Drinking.

I was very deſirous to view her exactly (becauſe they ſay that People in Love are very devout) but ſhe vaniſht in a gloomy Arbour, and left us to purſue our Journy, who were now come into a ſpatious open place, in the mid'ſt of which there ſtood a May-pole, and about it more Women than a man can ſee in all the times he lives in the World; and yet I think that there was more Languages, than Nations: Such twittle-twattle, that I thought every one of them

them had a worm in her tongue, and was juſt going to run mad. There were 5 or 600 old Women got under a Hedge, and telling ſuch direful Stories of Hereticks and Hobgoblins, that they almoſt affrighted one another out of their Wits, and 'twas well they had no hair upon their heads, for if they had had any, it would have ſtood up, and for ought I know, three or four more ſuch Lies would have metamorphis'd them into Trees. I thought there had been a Carnival in another place, for all the Women were in Maſquerade; there were the *Bona Roba's* of *Spain*, the *Courtezana's* of *Italy*, the *Madammoiſells* of *France*, the *Jilts*, *Punks*, *Holy Siſters*, and the *Et-cetera's* of *England*. I began to be weary of ſuch impertinent Company, and therefore I haſtned as faſt as I could; but by the way I was obliged to take notice of a long building like an Hoſpital; What place is this, ſaid I to the *Capuchin*? 'Tis the Repoſitory of thoſe venerable old Bawds, replies he, who have mightily improved his Holineſs's Cuſtoms, and for their pains have ſeveral Immunities

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in this place. I had no time to viſit it, being directed by the *Capuchin*, who bid me follow him. We were now come to the foot of a ſteep and craggy Rock, on the top of which ſtood, as I thought, an old *Saxon* Caſtle. Father, ſaid I, it will be very troubleſome for us to climb this place. No, ſaid he, here is good company will recompence your pains; theſe young Ladies by the way of Penance are obliged to go as far as it is troubleſome; at this I turn'd me, and lookt, and 'twas juſt as he had ſaid; for there were a number of ſtrait Laſſes in white Vails, and barefoot, who for ſome miſdemeanor, beſt known to themſelves, and their Confeſſors, willingly underwent this ſevere Diſcipline: we were now almoſt at the top, when as one of them ſet down and began to rub her feet with the Palm of her hand, and looking up as if at her devotion, made me imagine that they had a peculiar Predominant Saint for every part of the Body, as the man in the Almanack has a Conſtellatian or Sign in the Zodiac; and therefore I drew nearer her to hear what Saint belonged to the Foot; but

ſhe

ſhe was at the old Exorciſm of *Out Nettle in Dock*. I would willingly have heard a little more, but that I was afraid I ſhould have loſt the company of the *Capuchin*, and of the other Gentleman, who made ſuch haſte forward, that they were got to the entrance of that place I took for a Caſtle, which within was a very handſome and ſpatious Cloyſter, in which as I walkt I kept a diſtance from ſeveral iron Grates, wherein I fear'd there might be ſome Ravenous Beaſts. As ſoon as the *Capuchin* perceived it, You are cry'd he, more afraid than hurt, go nearer, they are the tameſt Creatures in the World, and indeed they were none of the fierceſt; for inſtead of a Tyger, or Lion, there ſat one of the moſt beautiful Nimphs that ever I had ſeen; I began to take Courage, for a *Stoic* would have turned Champion himſelf to have relieved ſo comely a Virgin from ſuch undecent reſtraint; and therefore coming cloſe to the Grate, Pray Madam, ſaid I, what is the Reaſon that you (whoſe looks diſcover ſuch a World of Innocency, ſhould thus like a Malefactor reſerved

for

for extraordinary tortures) be ſecurely confined? I hope Sir, reply'd ſhe, you will think my Innocency the Occaſion of it, when you ſhall know that I have ſuffered this Impriſonment from my Childhood, then which there is no worſe Purgatory in Nature, and I aſſure you that the next thing to Hell is a Nunnery; and therefore I wonder not at the Proteſtant Ladies who are ſo Zealous againſt Popery, which lays ſuch unkind Obligations upon us. But Madam, ſaid I, why do you find fault with what you ſo ſolemnly made choice of? Indeed Sir, replyed ſhe, my free Will was not then come of Age, and ſo would any Phiſician in the World ſay, who know as well as the Pope, for all his Infallibility, or my Father and Mother either. Pray, ſaid I, let me ſee ſome Works, which for all your Torments in this place you have curiouſly wrought, to your great commendation. Becauſe, Sir, ſais ſhe, you are my Country man, I will ſhow you the beſt I have: with that ſhe fetcht a good Halter; Look you here Sir, ſaid ſhe, this is moſt excellent work, and very

ſtrong. I perceive, Madam, ſaid I, that ye are very kind to your Confeſſors, for they ſometimes in *England* wear them for your ſakes.

A Bell that rung gave us notice that we ſhould haſten out of this plcae: juſt at our going out we heard theſe words in a ſweet tuneable Voice,

For what greater Plague can on Women be laid,
Then to live a young Virgin, and dye an old Maid?

This young Lady, whoever ſhe is, crys the Gentleman, has been in the Cage a great while, for ſhe ſings well: She would ſing a great deal better (reply'd the *Capuchin*) if ſhe were out. But pray Sir, ſaid he to me, do not ſtay behind, for if my Lady Abbeſs catch you alone, ſhe has cruel long Nails, and will ſcratch your eyes out. This made me keep as cloſe to him as I could, who now led us into a little Grove encompaſſed with a very high Wall; but it was ſo ſhady, and withall the light we had ſo like Cloudy Moonſhine,

ſhine, that we could but juſt perceive a Jeſuit carelefly walking, and doing ſo Antick Poſtures. Lord Sir, ſaid I, this poor man has certainly been ſcratched, and is now Meditating Revenge. Oh! Sir, Reply'd he, you are miſtaken, he is buſied about other things; He is Ordered by his Superiours to Preach to the diſcontented Schiſmaticks of *England*, and my Memory fails me if he be not a *York-ſhire* man; I am ſure one very like him, whom I have ſeen at *Sevil* in *Spain*, was oftentimes Tranſported by a rigid Independent, who Traded to *Malaga*, and knew as certainly that he was a Jeſuit, as that he was a man, and at that very time when that Sect was Predominant, and were for whipping the Whore of *Babylon* till ſhe Piſt Blood; and therefore I rather think that he is learning to Cant: But if we retire into this Arbour, we ſhall overhear him, for he cometh this way. It fell out as I could have wiſhed, for at another Arbour over againſt us, he ſtopt, and laying his hand on his Breaſt.

'Tis true, cry's he, ſhe is an Heretick, but I love her, I adore her, and what ſignifies a little Hereſie among ſuch a World of Perfections? 'Tis but the black Patch of the Soul, and like ſhadows ſet out the Sun, which hath its Blemiſhes too: But what is Hereſie? or what is her Hereſie? Is ſhe a Quaker, Muggletonian, Adamite, Ranter, Fifth Monarchiſt, or of the Family of Love? why then ſhe is an Heretick of our own making, and I know the worſt of her: Is ſhe an Independent? why then ſhe differs from the other juſt as the elder Siſter does from the younger; but ſuppoſe ſhe be a Presbiterian, what then? Oh! heart, do not break, prithee, ſtay a little; why! if Dominion be founded in Grace, ſhe will certainly obey me, and beſides we are both of a temper; For does ſhe love Kings Lands, Biſhops Lands, Malignants Lands, Houſes, Tenements, Hereditaments? ſo do I with all my heart. Does ſhe hate Princes, Governours, and old faſhion'd Authority? So do I with all my Spleen: Does ſhe love ſower looks, and a ſpeaking Noſe? then ſhe will love me; but

love

love is not my chief buſineſs; I have a Revenge to gratifie, the great concerns of Deſtruction are committed to my charge: and how ſhall I ſave her from the common Ruin (from which none of thoſe fools we make uſe of ſhall eſcape, we will no more own them to be Papiſts, then they will own themſelves now.) Well ſince I muſt Preach to them, I had as good learn now. We are the true *Iſraelites*, and they the *Canaanites*, and therefore ſince we muſt poſſeſs the Land and deſtroy the Inhabitants, and I muſt ſave her, I'le make her an Harlot.

To her a man of God I'le be,
And ſhe a Holy Siſter unto me.

At theſe words he ſtept into an Arbour, and I turning to the Gentleman in the Jeſuits Habit; Sir, ſaid I, good Sir, if you have any thing elſe to put on, lay aſide this Garb, for certainly they that wear it are the greateſt Villains in the World, and yet how like them (now I think of it) are our Separatiſts? for they are for taking Poſ-

ſeſſion, for deſtroying the Inhabitants Root and Branch, and in order to it they make uſe of falſe expoſitions of Scripture, for *Rahab* was not an Harlot in his ſenſe: and therefore I am ready to believe that moſt of their Teachers in the late times, were Jeſuits in Diſguiſe.

I had no ſooner done ſpeaking but out he came: Inſtead of long Robes he had on a ſhort *Geneva* Cloak, a Starcht Band, and his Ears (which were made to ſtretch like his Conſcience in caſes of Perjury) began to ſprout above the Border of a black and white Cap: I perceiv'd that he could not forbear laughing at his ridiculous Diſguiſe, and little thinking that any body was ſo near him, he ſpake as followeth.

As Jove *of Old in Council of the Gods*
Put on grave looks, Divine and Solemn Nods,
Anſteerly manag'd in the grand Debate
The great concern of Univerſal Fate;
But when retiring he was pleas'd to breath
In wanton Revels ore the World beneath,

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In various Shapes and uncouth Forms he came
To hide and pleaſure his unglorious Flame;
And tho he Maſqueraded left the Skie,
And Hoofs and Horns conceal'd his Deity;
Still he regarded the Supreme Deſign,
His Shape was Beaſtly, but his Power Divine.
Deſtructive Thunder did his Hymen ſing,
And Earthquakes danc't
And Tempeſts roar'd, and Hurricanes did ring.
So I, who from the great Cabal of Rome,
Whence Empires now receive their final Doom,
To th'other World of Heretick remove,
To taſte the pleaſures of forbidden Love.
My Politicians frowns and jealous Eyes
Which from black thoughts of deep Deſtruction riſe,
Do change for this more tame, more innocent diſguiſe.
My Power, my Craft, my Malice is the ſame,
Tho' ſilly looks conceal my dreadful Name.
At once I'le pleaſure my Revenge and Love;
I hate like Jupiter, *I love like* Jove.

But greater Plagues more Popular Ills shall show
Themselves from me,
Since Cupid's *Arrows flew from* Nola's *Bow.*

So away he went, as if he doubled his Obedience to his Order and his Love, and which made him the most blind is not yet determined. As soon as he was gone, I began to consider that this humor in a Jesuit was very different from what he is enjoyn'd by the Rules of his Order; which are, That no Women should come into their Houses, That they should not take the Charge of Nuns, (for they may have the same Fortune the *Cordeliers* lately had in *France*) and besides they are obliged by a Vow of perpetual Chastity. But the *Capuchin* told me that they might well enough differ from their Rules, which contradict one another, and besides the several Immunities they have procured since their first Institution. Their great Goddess *Franscsca Romana* (whose Bed where she lay with her Husband

was

was a perpetual Martyrdom, and Shop of Miracles) ſufficiently ſanctifies all their Irregularities which are in order to their common Intereſt.

We followed him with all the expedition imaginable, but we could not overtake him, which made me deſpair of ſeeing more of him, untill the *Capuchin* told us, that he would lead us a nearer way to the place where his chief buſineſs lay, and indeed it was not long before I heard a noiſe like the Roaring of the Sea, and coming nearer, we ſaw a ſmall Veſſel ready to Tranſport all Paſſengers. Father, ſaid I, tho' the Pope may lay Claim to the *Mare Mortuum*, or the *Lemane-Lake*, yet I thought theſe Seas had not been under his Jurisdiction. Oh! replies the *Capuchin*, do not you know that he pretends to be the Univerſal Monarch of the whole Globe, and to manifeſt to the World, That he is the great *Leviathan*: There have appeared ſeveral Monk-Fiſhes, Frier-Fiſhes, Nun-Fiſhes, *&c.* I have heard indeed, reply'd I, that there is not a Beaſt on Earth, but hath ſome Fiſh that reſembles it in the Seas; but pray what

Fiſh

Fish will represent a Jesuit? Truly, sais he, I do not know that *Gesner* has ever a Monster fit for that purpose; but to my thinking a Herring is the most like him; for first they go in such Shoals that the Whale is afraid to come too near them. Secondly, they frequent the Coasts of *England*; and Thirdly, they are never good till they are Pickled, Hang'd, and Dried: But let me go on with my former Discourse, in which I endeavour to acquaint you with the Popes Neptuneship, which consists in his Jurisdiction over all Minerals of Brimstone, Salt Peter, *&c.* for he alone does Rule and Govern Salt by the Power of Exorcisms, and can turn it either into Fire or Water, as he please (and as the Poets report of *Proteus*) and therefore 'tis a Folly for Kings or Princes to pretend any Right to it, when he will not suffer the Sun or Moon to have any thing to do with it; and that Philosopher that shall ever hereafter affirm, That the Sun is any way the cause of its Saltness, shall be as sure of an *Anathema*, as he that held the *Antipodes*: For let a man observe, and an ordi-

ordinary man will ſoon perceive the reaſon why it is freſher in the Frigid *Zones* then 'tis in the Temperate, when as there are ſo many Thouſands of Monks and Jeſuits in the latter to one in the former: So great a Juriſdiction does he claim o're all Waters, that he will Rig out a Fleet the next Jubilee to Cruiſe in the Waters above the Firmament, wherein he thinks ſome Heretieks may Rove; but as for theſe particular Narow Seas he pretends a Right to them ever ſince they were the Purgatory to the *Invincible Armada*, to which he was Godfather, and which, becauſe it did not fight valiantly againſt *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, the Winds and Seas daſht in pieces, and ſwallow'd up, and Fought for Hereticks.

He would have gone on with his Diſcourſe, but that we were ordered to Land; being now come aſhoar, we climbed up a ſteep Hill, the top of which entertained us with a Proſpect, which moved me the moſt to Compaſſion of any thing that ever I had ſeen in all my days. We ſaw great and rich

rich Corn-fields and Plantations utterly trodden down, as if the *Hunns* and *Vandals* had lately Viſited them, whileſt the miſerable Inhabitants Curſed and Ban'd thoſe for whom they had lately prayed. Then at a diſtance we could ſee great and Populous Towns and Cities in flames, the enraged Soldiers fighting through Blood, Fire, and Smoak at once to gratifie their Covetouſneſs and Revenge, whileſt thoſe few that eſcaped them carried away nothing but Wounds and heavy hearts: Then on the other hand lay ſlaughtered Legions, and groaning Armies, which diſſolved into Carkaſſes in a Moment, and enrieht the Soil with their Blood and Marrow, which needed no ſuch Improvements. Not far off were a numerous Rabble Triumphing and Inſulting over grave and Reverend Perſonages, whom after various Affronts and Indignities, they baſely Murdered; here Widdows ſtupied and ſilent with Grief, there Orphans drownd in Tears; now we might ſee men committing unſpeakable Villanies, Rapes, and Murders, and anon ſighing and groaning at

a Zealous Lecture, where their Blaſphemous Nonſenſe was as intollerable as the Noiſe of their Guns was fatal. Bleſs me! cry'd I, what place is this? ſurely the very fartheſt place of all Purgatory, and the very next to Hell it ſelf. This is, replies the *Capuchin*, the *Peopledom* of *Puritania*, or to be ſhort, it was the State of *Great Brittain* in the late Civil Wars, which were begun and carried on by the Jeſuits: Now becauſe they did not work to that end they deſign'd them, and that in ſeveral Occurrences (which a wiſe man may eaſily obſerve) they had carried on their buſineſs a great way (which for a time was utterly quaſht in the Reſtauration) yet when they perceived the old Leaven ſtill remain, and the old Humour ſtill to be workt upon, they thought it convenient to begin again, well knowing that for all the Noiſe againſt Popery, and the loſſes that many private Catholicks ſuſtain'd, yet they were ſtill the Gainers by thoſe too numerous Proſelites they won in our Confuſions, and that the Church of *England*, the only great and main Bulwark againſt

againſt the Church of *Rome*, is weakned by them. Father, ſaid I, I obſerve that the main Arguments the Jeſuits and Romiſh Prieſts uſed to perſuade men to embrace the Romiſh Faith (after they had ruined the Government of the Church of *England*) were, That there was no viſible Church among us, *&c.* The other conſiſted in inveighing againſt us, under the name and Notion of *Proteſtantaniſm*, into which they had cram'd all the Enthuſiaſms of *Europe*, and Hereſies of the laſt Age; and thus they thought they had utterly baffled the Church of *England* with the new faſhion'd Sophiſm of *Comprehenſion*. New faſhion'd one! cries the *Capuchin*, 'tis an old faſhion'd one, for in the year 1583 there was a Book Printed at *Paris*, Written by *Raynolds* a Student at *Rhemes*, againſt *Whitaker*, wherein he goes the ſame way to work, but he has one Argument which is now utterly Abrogated. What is that, pray Father, ſaid I? Why replies he, obſerve in his Concluſion, Pag. 556 He does not only Charge the Proteſtants that they give infinite variety

riety and differences of Religions, diſorder'd Congregations, Sheep controling their Paſtors, and Scholars preſuming to teach their Maſters, but, ſais he, in the Civil Common-wealth, diſobedience againſt the Magiſtrate, Contempt of Princely Authority, Spoil and Ruine of Churches and Pallaces, of all things Sacred and Prophane. I Remember Sir, ſaid I, that I have read the Preface to that Book, in which he complains that 'tis very hard for them to know what to refel or diſpute againſt, becauſe of the continual Change and variety among us; but he is pleaſed to quote Dr. *Whitegift*, affirming it of the Puritans, and ſo it cannot properly be objected againſt the Church of *England*, which ſince its Eſtabliſhment is as little Guilty of Innovation as of Rebellion. But the Church of *Rome*, cries the *Capuchin*, is Guilty of both, for it Teacheth and Preacheth that Rebellion which it Condemned in the Proteſtants, in the *Lutherans* of *Germany*, the *Huſſits* of *Bohemia*, and the *Calveniſts* in *France*, and of which it falsly accuſed the Church of *England*.

Now,

Now, cries he, ſuppoſe there was a general Conventicle of all the inſpired Bigots and Enthuſiaſts in *Europe*, and ſuppoſe them to meet after they had Dieted on nothing but Coleworts for ſix Weeks, yet would they not vent ſo many wild Phantaſms and diſagreeing Frenſies, as the Conſiſtory of *Rome* has different Projects; no, the Devil himſelf has not ſo many ſhapes in his Wardrobe of Darkneſs; for if you go along with me, ten thouſand to one but I ſhow you ſome of them put in practice.

I willingly followed him, becauſe he led us towards a place which was not altogether ſo diſmal, yet there was a hideous noiſe, and eſpying a great multitude in the Fields, near a Town, I thought they were imitating the Siege of *Jerico*, until coming ſomewhat nearer, I perceived they had almoſt finiſhed the 151 Pſalm, which begins,

From Turk and Pope defend us Lord.

As ſoon as we came up to the skirts of the Congregation, they had done ſinging

singing, and the Preacher had begun his Prayer, of which we could not distinguish one Syllable, and yet the Company about us was very Devout, only one man seemed more at leasure to Answer the *Capuchin*, who asked him how long they had been singing, and whereabout they began. Sir, said he, I have turned it down, if you please to see. With that the *Capuchin* read softly.

To Bind their Stately Kings in Chains,
Their Lords with Iron Bands.

The *Capuchin* smil'd on me, but observing that Mr. *Predicant* had ended his Prayer, and had now begun his Sermon, we resolved to hear some of it, tho' we ventured a Piece of the outward Man. The Throng was very great, and the *Geneva*-Bibles very numerous, and they too began to swell and take up room with Proofs and Dogs-ears: nevertheless we gat so near that to my great amazement the Speaker proved the very same person we had lately seen in the Jesuits Habit, and who Transforming himself like *Jove*,

ſpoke ſo like an Heroick Lover, and was going to Propagate his Gallantry. His Stile was as different from the former as his Garb, and altho' I could not learn his Text, which probably might be taken out of *Wits Common Wealth*, yet that part of his diſcourſe which I heard was to this effect.

"Ye are the Lords people, my Belo-
"ved, his ſecret ones; ye, I ſay, are
"his choſen Veſſels in the days when
"the tall Cedars were humbled, and
"the meek of the Earth pulled down
"the Mighty; how did poor Conſci-
"ence rejoice when it was ſet at Li-
"berty? Yea verily it was waggiſh it
"did ſo exult: In thoſe days the Pow-
"er (a Cordial thing for Conſcience)
"my Beloved, was emptied into ſeve-
"ral Veſſels, and thoſe Veſſels were
"the beſt that would hold the moſt:
"Ye were poor weak Veſſels, but be-
"ing empty, would hold a great deal:
"Oh! what a joyful ſtriving was there
"to fill the empty Veſſels? I ſay, when
"the Power was ſpilt on the ground,
"how pleaſant was it for the Babes of

"Grace

"Grace to ſcramble, as it were, for it
"after a Godly ſort: For to you, to
"you, my Beloved, belong all theſe
"outward things; to you, the Lords
"Saints, belong his Creatures, to you
"belong the Gold, the Silver, the Braſs,
"the Pewter, the Copper, the Lead,
"the Wood, the Stone, the—the Hemp,
"and every precious thing; and ye en-
"joyed all thoſe things in the days of
"*Zion*; but now theſe are the days of
"*Babilon*: for now Popery, accurſed
"Babiloniſh Outlandiſhneſs does a-
"bound, and therefore theſe good
"things are in the hands of the Wick-
"ed, and are employed in Building
"high Places, Monuments, and Idols.
"Beloved, Wood and Stone and Lead
"were not Ordained to make Idols,
"but for the good of Mankind to make
"Bullets and Caſtles. And yet, O Lard!
"theſe wicked Image-mongers and Idol-
"Wrights ſay that we are Popiſh, Be-
"loved. What do you think the Lard
"will ſay when he hears of theſe things?
"Oh! therefore Plead his Cauſe, your
"own Cauſe, the good Old Cauſe;
"Shew your ſelves not to be Popiſh,

" in deſtroying every Popiſh thing, in
" plucking it up, in pulling it down,
" up and down, my Beloved, the Lord
" will not only like your Zeal, but the
" Pope himſelf, after his Converſion,
" will thank you for it, yea ye will
" thank your ſelves for it. And there-
" fore let the Youth, the young Youth
" pull down Bawdy Houſes, thoſe Sub-
" urbs of *Babilon* the Harlot; Let Por-
" ters, holy Porters, men uſed to great
" Burdens, help to carry on the Lords
" work. For my part I have labour-
" ed both openly and in private, as is
" well known to the Saints, for a Re-
" formation: I have withſtood the Beaſt
" face to face; I have Confounded
" his Language, a Language, my Be-
" loved, that will Bliſter all true Pro-
" teſtant Tongues, and Rot their Teeth:
" now there is a great deal of this Lan-
" guage in the Common-Prayer-Book,
" for Epiſcopal men ſay it in Latin, on-
" ly they caſt a Miſt before your Eyes
" that can behold nothing that is Popiſh.
" Oh! my Beloved, have a care of
" that Book, for if you lay it under
" your Pillow, you will certainly dream

" of

"of the Pope; if you ſet it next your "Bibles, it will certainly run away with "them, or at leaſt fetch all the Claſps "off. Beloved, the Biſhops uſe it, and "by a certain Spell in it, will turn them-"ſelves from Cole-black to Milk-white "in a Moment. If this Idol and its "Worſhippers be not pulled down and "deſtroyed, in vain do we Preach, in "vain do ye Pray againſt Popery and "Popelings, which are now coming "upon us as the *Philiſtins* were upon "*Sampſon.* Let us therefore break thoſe "Cords wherewith our hands are ty-"ed, for if we lie ſtill till our heads "are ſhaven by the Witchcraft of this "*Dalilah*, then ſhall we be as other "men: Take therefore *Jeremiahs* ad-"vice, who was no Epiſcopal man, "*Come let us joyn our ſelves in a perpe-"tual Covenant, which ſhall never be for-"gotten.*

As ſoon as he had ſpoke theſe words, there was a great Hurly-burly in the Crowd, and ſuch a confuſed Noiſe, that he was forced to leave off. He lookt ſo pale on a ſuddeen, and all the People

about us were put into such a Consternation, that I wondred what was the matter, and looking round about me, I perceived the Company began to disperse themselves confusedly, some this way, some that; I thought the Conventicle might be disturbed by the care of the Magistrates, whose coming might cause such a Panick fear, and therefore turning to the *Capuchin*, Sir, said I, I believe we shall be put in *Limbo* for our Curiosity by and by; but I do not much care, if we can but have the Speakers Company. They do no more fear the coming of a Justice of the Peace, replied the *Capuchin*, then of a living Crocodile, some thing else is the Business. He had no sooner done speaking but there was a great Cry, *Arm, Arm, Arm*, the French, the Spaniard, the Anakims are coming: some reported that they heard great noises of Kettle-Drums, and Trumpets under Ground, which seem'd to confirm the News of the great Vault that was digging from *St. Omers* to *Colchester*: others swore they dreamt it, and therefore were very sure that it was true. Some talkt of flying

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ing Armies, and inviſible Dragoons; others were telling dire Portents, others reading old Revelations, and ſtrange Propheſies of unuſual Revolutions, which diſpoſed them to dark thoughts and melancholy Apprehenſions; and after they were thus curiouſly prompted to run mad, and had left their employments in a Tumultuous manner, there was a ſtrange and ſudden Rumour, That the great Scarlet Whore was coming with a mighty Army that had ſaucer Eyes and long Claws, which put them into ſuch an horrible Fright, that they could no longer be kept in order by their wiſer Governors, whom they were ready to deſtroy, becauſe they would have quieted them, and that under the notion of favouring Popery. But when News was brough that theſe ſtrange Monſters were at the Towns end, never did the Paſſion of fear act its part in ſuch variety as among theſe people; Some were deſperate and ready for a Sally; others conſidered that a Truce with Mammon upon neceſſity would be convenient, and therefore were diſpoſing themſelves in Order to

it; and to that end one was making a Crucifix, others had got old Maſs-Books, and others were learning *Ave Maria*, and the *Pater Noſter*: But among the reſt, I obſerved an Aged Zealot (who had groan'd fervently at the Conventicle) with a Common-Prayer-Book in her hands, which ſhe hug'd and kiſst moſt Devoutly; but when one of her Acquaintance told her that ſhe would find never the more Mercy upon the account of that Book, and that if ſhe had never a Maſs-Book, ſhe had better take the *Directory*, ſhe ſcornfully threw it againſt the Ground, ſaying, *Get thee gone thou Carnal Idol, I ſee the Saints muſt never put their Truſt in thee.*

The *Capuchin* and I were reſolved to know the true occaſion of this diſturbance, and therefore we haſtened to get out of Town as faſt as we could; but before we had gone a quarter of a Mile, we were ſtopt by a mighty Multitude, who had ſecured 14 or 15 poor Gipſies, and three or four Germans with Rare Shows; they Inſulted and Triumphed

umphed over them, and threatned them, ſome Marching before, ſome behind, with Clubs and Glaves Erected, and ſometimes out of perfect Proeſs bid them ſtand in the Kings Name, then for diverſion bid them haſten forward untill they were brought before the Magiſtrate to be examined; who finding them to be what they were, diſmiſt them with what they deſerved: but when the Rabble underſtood that they were only poor Fortune-tellers, and not at all given to Superſtition, they very zealouſly flockt about them to know what was predeſtin'd for them. The *Germans* had not ſo quick a diſpatch, for many a long time doubted what thoſe little Images in their Boxes did mean, and were ſearching for the Mark of the Beaſt upon them, untill the forementioned Preacher, who was purpoſely at hand, (and under the notion of a Licence in Dutch, received a Letter of Intelligence from his Society) told the people that they were innocent poor men, that thoſe were only Dutch works, and did repreſent Proteſtant Princes; upon which they were Peaceably diſmiſt.

Al-

Altho' this Tumult and Uproar was well quieted, yet I perceived that these people were miserably Subject to unreasonable fears and jealousies, and were perpetually tormented with the Scar-Crows of their wild Imaginations, which made them not only the most unhappy, but the most unpleasant people in the World, and I desired the *Capuchin* not to stay any longer in this place. He was as willing to be gone as my self, because he was willing to Communicate some things to me, but we could not find a conveniency of discoursing for fear of being overheard, untill we came into a Solitary place, a great distance from the Town. I then askt him what end the Jesuits had in rendring the very name of Popery thus odious to the Common People. So long, replied he, as they do conceal the nature of it from them, they will bring it in under another name, and that by overthrowing every thing that Diametrically oppose it under that Notion. But we see the Reasons of it in the effects it produces; for after that their intended

Violence

Violence by Papiſts and Forreigners was prevented, and all their bloody Intrigues diſcovered (the ſurpriſing relation of which, put the whole Kingdom in-into a Conſternation) the ſeveral Diviſions, which they had before fomented and prepoſſeſt with a falſe and ſcandalous Opinion of the Church of *Englands* Inclination to Arbitrary Government and Popery, lookt upon the Eſtabliſht Authority with jealous eyes, and by their ſeparate Counſels and haſty and diſproportionable Reſolutions, rendred the Government uncapable of taking that wiſe and orderly courſe with ſuch baſe and cruel Traytors, as the known Laws of the Land Juſtifies; that thus whileſt two Neighbours fooliſhly contend, not only the Thief, but the Murderer too, might ſteal away.

Nor is this the only After-Game they deſign'd, but moreover by encreaſing unreaſonable Fears and Jealouſies, and by thus taking away the Succours of Reaſon of State they might precipitate the whole Nation into thoſe Abſurdities, which if not timely rectified, might end with what they deſigned

ed to begin, the Blood and Ruine of King and People (which God forbid.) And to that end they Magnified the Plot themſelves, by undeſerved and ſcandalous Aſperſions and Reflections upon great and Loyal Perſonages; and the Schiſmaticks were made to believe that all the conformiſts in the Kingdom were inclinable to favour them too: Now this is no new trick; for Mr. *Pryn* that ſeized the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*'s Papers, and found the diſcovery of the Plot deſigned againſt the Kingdom of *England* by the Jeſuits under Cardinal *Barbarino*, baſely abuſed the Archbiſhop and King, as Privy themſelves to that Plot (which they a while kept ſecret in order to a clearer diſcovery) until the King was forced to leave *London*, and oppoſe as formidable an Enemy; and though it was evident that that Scottiſh Rebellion was raiſed by the Jeſuits in order to their deſigns, yet were thoſe very Rebels afterwards kept up and maintained by the Parliament againſt the King. In vain can the Church expect to be free from that Calumny which reacht ſo

glori-

glorious a King, the Defender of it, and ſuch an excellent Prelate, a Father of it; to manifeſt whoſe Integrity and Innocency, nothing more could have been done under Heaven that they did not do, being both Martyrs of it. But what is it that ſome Men will not believe? Juſt a little before the diſcovery of the Plot, I heard a perſon of no mean Quality affirm, That there was no difference but in words inſignificant between the Church of *Rome* and of *England*; but I do aſſure you he had little Logick about him at that time, and leſs Divinity, and immediately after he forfeited all his Hiſtory, in ſaying that King *James* was inclined to Popery. What is it, I ſay, that diſaffected, vain, and Fanatical men will not ſay or do? Why may not any man as well ſay that the Church of *England* is Popiſh, as that the Presbiterians were no Rebels? Some would be ready to ſwear it, if it were not for an unlucky hint in the Lord *Cooks Inſtitutes*, Page 12, who ſpeaking of all kind of Treaſons, ſaith, *Preparation by ſome Over-Act to depoſe the King, or take him by force and ſtrong hand,*

hand, and to Imprison him until he hath yeilded to certain Demands, this is a sufficient Over-act to prove the Imagination and compassing the death of the King, this is to make the King a Subject, and to despoile him of his Kingly Office. The Presbiterians were notoriously guilty of this, they Imprisoned King *Charles* I. in several places, and at last in the *Isle of Wight*. Now what will the Presbiterians say to this? why, they will say, they were so affrighted with the thoughts of Popery, that they did not know what they did, altho' it was what the Pope himself would have them.

But pray Father, said I, interrupting him, do not they accuse us of Popery for retaining some Ceremonies and decent Rites still in use in that Church?

Why, replied he, they are very necessary, convenient, *&c.* in the Body of Divinity, and therefore because the Pope has two Toes, I should cut off mine from the Body Natural. But pray let me go on with my Discourse; there is another thing that affrights them most horri-

horribly, and that is, That the Church of *England* favours Arbitrary Government; Indeed those that are such Enemies to Monarchy will object any thing against those who will maintain and defend it: and yet I am sure that a true Father or Son of the Church of *England* will be no more assistant in the introducing Tyranny and Oppression, then they have been in promoting Rebellion; for tho' he would be even so Loyal as to give *Cæsar* his due, yet he will never give him that which is not, he is so like the Ancient Christians that he will Dye before he will resist his Lawful Prince, or actively obey him in any thing that is as positively forbidden to it is to Rebel against him, or to resist him upon any account. Therefore as the King of *England* would be the most mighty Prince in *Christendom* were his Subjects all of the Church of *England*, so the people would be the most happy on Earth, since they should neither need to fear Tyranny of Popery either at home or abroad: Nothing but our Divisions and Separations occasion these fears, and nothing occasion them

but

but the Jesuits, the Devil, and the Spleen, and therefore let but any man read the History of the Kingdom of *England*, and he will find the vast difference between the Church of *Rome* and of *England*, in the several troubles and Fatal Discords that either arose, or were promoted by Popish Deposings, Interdicts, and Excommunications, from the Conquest to the Reformation; and the times and Transactions since shew us how the Presbiterians, Independents, *&c.* (those great Anti-anti-Christians) differ from it too, for they count it lawful to resist and oppose and compel Christian Princes, and in order to it make what they please unlawful. Thus like the old *Pharisees* they strain at a Gnat and swallow a Camel.

Father, said I, they themselves are most like the Papists, and deal with this Doctrine as they do with the Decalogue, take away one Commandment, and subdivide the other into unnecessary distinctions

They differ from them, replies the *Capuchin*, as the *Persians* do from the

Turks,

Turks, are great Enemies, but both Muſſelmen. Thus do they endeavour by all means to ruin that Church by Violence, whoſe great glory is, that it was Reformed without it; nor do they want fit Inſtruments to carry on their deſigns, even among thoſe that profeſs themſelves moſt their Enemies; And thoſe generally are ſuch whoſe Fortunes are but mean, or who have not been Encouraged by the Church or State, as they think they deſerve. It is remarkable that the great Preachers and Promoters of the late Rebellion were Country School-Maſters, poor Vicars, and Curates, whoſe Parts were too mean and confuſed to appear in publick in a Peaceable and quiet Kingdom, and therefore took the Compendious way of Riſing by Diſorders and Confuſions; and many who were Perſons of better note, upon the account of ſuppoſed Injuries, and Diſappointments, fell off from their Duty and Allegiance; but to all theſe are added now thoſe Aged *Politico's*, Old Rebels fat with Plunder and Sequeſtration, who hope that the next Return of the

Saints ſhall be ſo laſting, that they ſhall not ſtand in need of a ſecond Carnal *Act of Indempnity*. Now, ſaid the *Capuchin*, ſmiling on me, ſince you have been ſo kind as to accompany me thus far, I will ſhew you how the Pope has diſpoſed of their Reverend Cooperators who are marched off; for beyond thoſe ſmoaking Rocks which you ſee on your Left Hand, (through which there is a dark and winding Paſſage lately found out) ſtands a ruin'd Cathedral like that of St. *Paul*'s, at the Weſt-end of which lyes the Effigies of King *Charles* I. fallen on the ground, and at the Entrance two men in Armour, but the one is Cardinal *Barbarino*, the other Cardinal *Richlieu*, who will eaſily admit us upon a pretence I have ready made. I found all things according to the *Capuchin*'s promiſe, but at our entrance into the place (which was larger then the Synod-Houſe at *Dort*) I was amazed to ſee the whole Committee ſitting intermixt with ſome of the Aſſembly of Divines. Father, ſaid I, were theſe ſilly ill lookt dirty Senators choſen by the Shires

and

and Corporations? No, replied he, they are the Knights and Burgeſſes of the ſeveral Religious in *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, the *Orcades*, and *Hebrides*. Here is a World of them, Sir, ſaid I. There is, replied he, a whole Barn full more of them a little way off, and ſome of them are privately retired to *Bedlam*. But, Pray Sir, ſaid I, what does *Oliver Cromwell* repreſent? what Religion? For he ſets yonder behind them all, ſomewhat advanced upon a kind of a Throne. You ſhall ſee immediatly, cries the *Capuchin*. He had no ſooner anſwered me, but there entred ſeven or eight yellowiſh Olive-Coloured Men. I thought it had been an Embaſſie from the Moors, untill one of them, the moſt Antient, ſtepping forwarder then reſt, ſpake as followeth.

We the diſperſed Jews, having for many Ages ſearched all the Corners of the World for our long expected *Meſſias*, did think that we had at laſt found him in you, from ſeveral remarkable occurrences, wherein you ſeemed to fulfil our *Cabala* in raiſing up this moſt

Renowned *Sanhedrim*, by the Advice and Assistance of those your *Rabbins*, who do not only in words testifie their good-will to *Zion*, but also by the Circumcision of their Heads denote the same thing; under these you have overthrown the Kings of the Earth, and have terrified the *Gentiles* of *Rome*; and therefore when you had thus Auspiciously blown up the Trumpet in *Zion*, we came over to your Protection, who after we had presented you with many Talents of the Gold of the Land of *Havilah*, you neither refused us, nor our Old-Testament Gold; but you neither fulfilled our Prophesies, nor your own Promise; for altho' you told us that the Church of *Paul* (by reason of the Idol-Worship of the Church of *England*) was somewhat too *Babilonish* for a Synagogue at the present, and that when the Lords Horses had stood some longer time, it would be fitter for us, yet we are further off now then ever, for now (in opposition to us) the *Gentiles* of *London* are Building their second Temple far more glorious then the first.

As

As ſoon as he had made his Grievance they retired, and the *Capuchin* turning to me, in my Conſcience, cries he, I believe theſe *Jews* will buy the Moon one of theſe days, when ſhe is in the Wan and at the cheapeſt, and theſe Saints have ſuch a Right to the Creature, that they will ſell them it, for 'tis not long ſince they were for puchaſing *Harlemmeer*.

The *Jews* were no ſooner gone, but there was a Quaker in their Room, who made his ſpeech without his Addreſs, which was to this effect,

And to you, *Oh Friends!* is my Speech "directed, to let you know the Evil "of our days, for now we are in dark-"neſs by reaſon of oppreſſing Ordinan-"ces, which enjoin us to pull off our "Hats, to pay Tithes, *&c.* the firſt is a "Popiſh way of Worſhipping one an-"other; and therefore we have a ſore "deſire and longing to be freed from "theſe things; and although to hide "our deſigns we have Procured a good "friend to vindicate us, yet none of

" the Lords people have been ſo zealous
" as we: For did not friend *Green* in
" the 12 Month in the year 1662. warn
" the Parliament to let Peoples Con-
" ſciences alone? yea with Threatnings of
" many Enemies he warned them; and
" who ever in the days of Battle beha-
" ved themſelves ſo like mighty men as
" we did? and would do again if we
" had a motion to it; but how little
" do we help Epiſcopal men? for now
" we diſclaim the ſhedding of Blood
" upon any account; by which means
" we are not at all ſerviceable to King-
" ly Government; to which we are
" greater Enemies, than if we were ſworn
" Enemies; We do not give any aſſi-
" ſtance to any Publique Concern; and
" never uſe the Law but to chaſtiſe
" thoſe who defend it: We drink
" *Charles* his Health, and do not drink
" the Kings; a Conveniency the Jeſuits
" themſelves borrowed of us, when at
" their deaths thus proteſted they had no
" deſign to Kill the King, but would have
" kill'd *Charles*. So that whereas ſome ſay
" we are beholding to the Jeſuits, we
" ſay they are beholding to us. Some

" baſe

"baſe Malignants paint us with Wind-
"mills on our heads, and with Mares
"in our hands, whom therefore we ac-
"count Idolatrous, and given to Pi-
"ctures.

He would have gone on but that a ſlender tall thing, like a Devil in a Hop-ſack came behind him, and almoſt affrighted him out of his Wits, three or four of the Committee croſſed themſelves before they were aware; but I perceived it was only a Man wrapt up in Blankets, from whoſe Mouth and Noſe, the only viſible parts about him, came theſe words:

"Verily, Oh Reverend Sages! I ap-
"pear before you in this Place, that ye
"may ſee, and know the ſad Condition
"of the Saints at this day, who are ſo
"far from a tolleration, that they are
"bound by Cardinal Ordinances even
"in the Grave: I am in this Garb by rea-
"ſon of an Act, commonly called, *The*
"*Flannel Act*, which forces us whoſe
"Bodies are as tender as our Conſcien-
"ces to be buried not in Flax, not in
"Hemp, but in Wool. Ye all knew
"how little the Saints love Sheeps-

"cloathing, or the Babes of Grace de-
"light in Blankets; but moreover this
"is a Pagan Ordinance, from three Pa-
"gan Spinsters, *Clotho, Lachesis,* & *Atro-*
"*pos*; nay *Jason*, that old Heathen, was
"a Woolman. Nay, what is worse, 'tis
"Popish, for did not the Pope send a
"Token of Consecrated Blankets but
"the other day to the Empress of Po-
"pish *Germany*? but this is not all the
"Popery that infests *England*, poor *Old*
"*England*, I wish it were *New England*;
"but there are many other dangerous
"signs of it: for now even the People
"of the Land go a Whorig after Cuffs
"made of Popish Beads; and in op-
"position to your Protestantships, there
"is a *Junto* of Carnal Philosophers,
"called the *Royal Society*, who would
"improve your Trades that ye might
"not mind the things of Grace, and
"Dominion. The very name of them
"is Popish; but that's not all, for they
"do Popish Miracles; they have Brazen
"Oracles, Speaking-Trumpets fill'd with
"the Language of the Beast, wherewith
"they can say Mass, which shall be heard
"an hundred Miles, and which noise is as

"fatal

"fatal to the Ears of Saints, as the "ſight of Baſilisks to their Eyes; to "our Ears, I ſay, which after that the "Carnal Law of the Land was aboliſh-"ed did grow and ſpread into Types "of our Adoption, and Symbols of our "Covenant, and unaſinimity: but be-"ſides this, they have Stills, and what "do ye call-ums, to make holy "Water, which indeed are nothing "elſe but the Whore of *Babylons* Piſs-"pots. Theſe are great Grievances; "but this one more afflicts us than all "the reſt, that the Wicked after all af-"firm us to be moſt of all Popiſh. In-"deed Popery is a Peſtilence, and we "cannot help Infection; but Poor Con-"ſcience bid us utterly deny it for her "ſake, who hath done as good turns "for our ſakes; and therefore we are as "true to her as to the Covenant, which "ſome of us maintain by Renoun-"cing.

"We muſt confeſs that the Jeſuits "have been in our Aſſemblies; for we "cannot Reform oftener than they can "transform; which put the Saints into "ſuch fears that they dream of nothing

"but

"but Monks and Nuns, and ſuch horri-
"ble things all night; and look under
"their Beds, and in the Collars of their
"Doublets, for Prieſts, and Jeſuits,
"who they ſay can now certainly turn
"themſelves into Night-mares and He-
"Cats, and ſuck out all their Proteſtant
"Breath; theſe dreadful things diſturb
"our Peace, and there is no redreſs;
"for our Petitions have no end, and all
"our holy Fibs are brought to nought:
"In a word, we are ſuch miſerable
"Saints, that we have not the happi-
"neſs to be Militant: Ye your ſelves,
"moſt honourable Sages, are not free
"from this imputation; for 'tis certain
"that the Pope has been among you
"ever ſince your firſt Seſſion.

This laſt Sentence put the whole Committee into ſuch a Conſternation, that they never had ſo much ſenſe to ſo few words in their lives, ſo that they were all ſilent for a long time; until *Goodman Speaker* aroſe, and with 16 Hums, and 15 Groans, adjourn'd them for that time.

They haſtned out with all ſpeed imaginable, fearing, as ſome ſuppoſe, that the Pope

Pope might lie under ſome Chair with his Pockets full of Gunpowder; and the *Capuch.* took me by the hand, and after he had led me into a pleaſant, ſhady-place, free from noiſe and company (where whil'ſt I was viewing the neighbouring Rocks, (which were very like a great many I had ſeen before) he was transformed into the ſhape of an aged Hermite, his Beard ſeem'd to grow like the famous Abbeſs of *Cordubas's* Hair, and leaning on a Staff, he ſpake as followeth.

Wonder not at this ſudden Change you ſee,
Wonder leſs at the Worlds Inconſtancy;
Wonder at nothing that an Age does bring;
Since Charles *a Martyr dy'd, becauſe a King:*
At nothing Atheiſts, or bold Rebels ſay,
Since Jeſuits Preacht, and Presbyters did pray:
For ſince Religion it ſelf is made
A maſque to Villany, and common Trade;
Rebellion too Antiquity does Plead;
The Aged Sun nothing more ſtrong ſhall ſee,
But all the ſelf ſame ſad variety:
For all the miſchiefs that ſhall e'er ariſe,
Are ſtill old Evils, but in new diſguiſe;
Old Luſts, old Pride, old Fears and Jealouſies,
The reſtleſs Ghoſts of old departed Hereſies,
Are the true Cauſes of all Plagues that come
From Fleſh, and Blood, from Hell, Geneva Rome.

Therefore,

Therefore,
Projects, Cabals, Intrigues shall never cease,
This Kingdom never, never shall have Peace,
Till Treason by its Reward is dreadful Grown,
And Vice by its Just Punishment is known;
Till ignorant bold Zeal is kept in awe,
As 'twas of old by Thunder and the Law.

As soon as he had said these words, he let fall a Scrole open from his hand, in which, as it were with Letters of Blood, was written, *Rome Reformed*, and betwixt a frown and a smile he Vanisht, and I Awakt, *&c.*

FINIS.

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